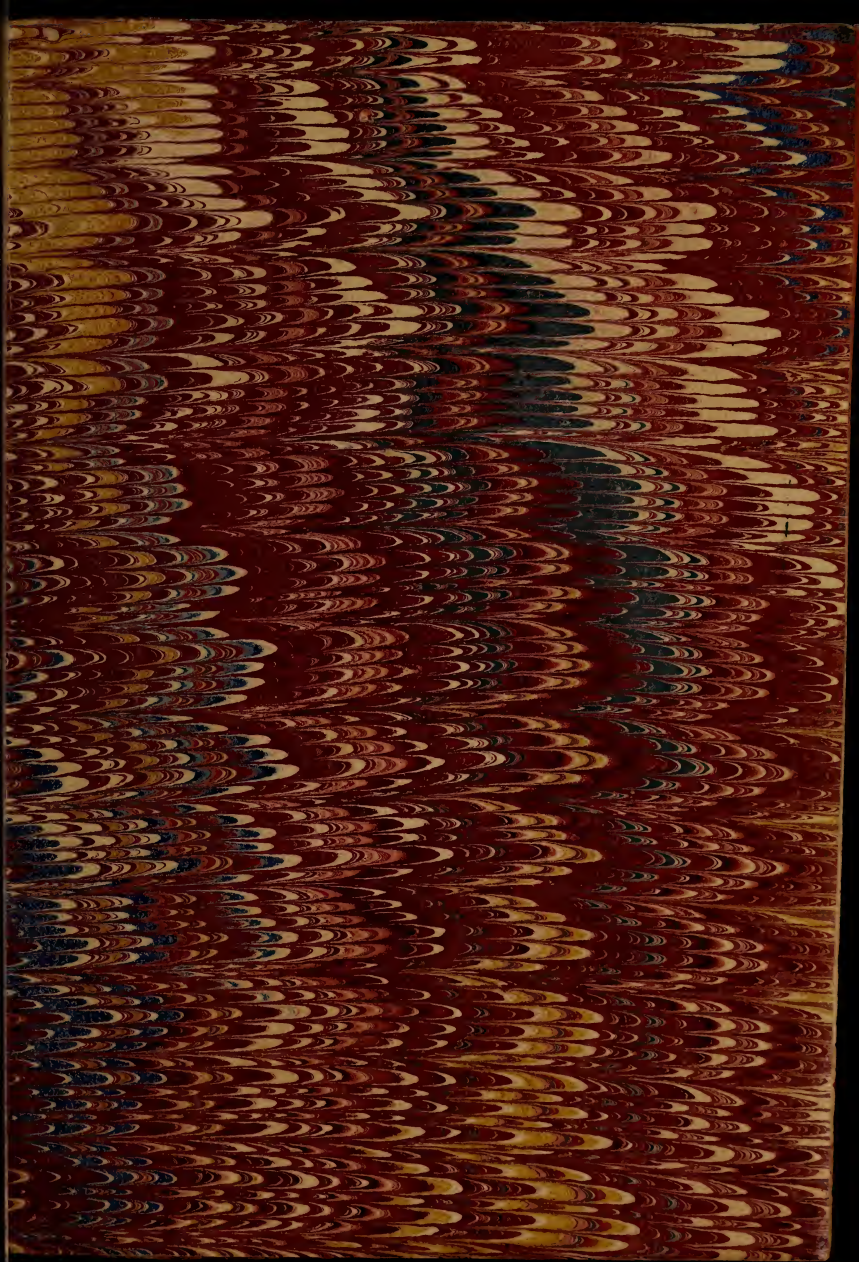


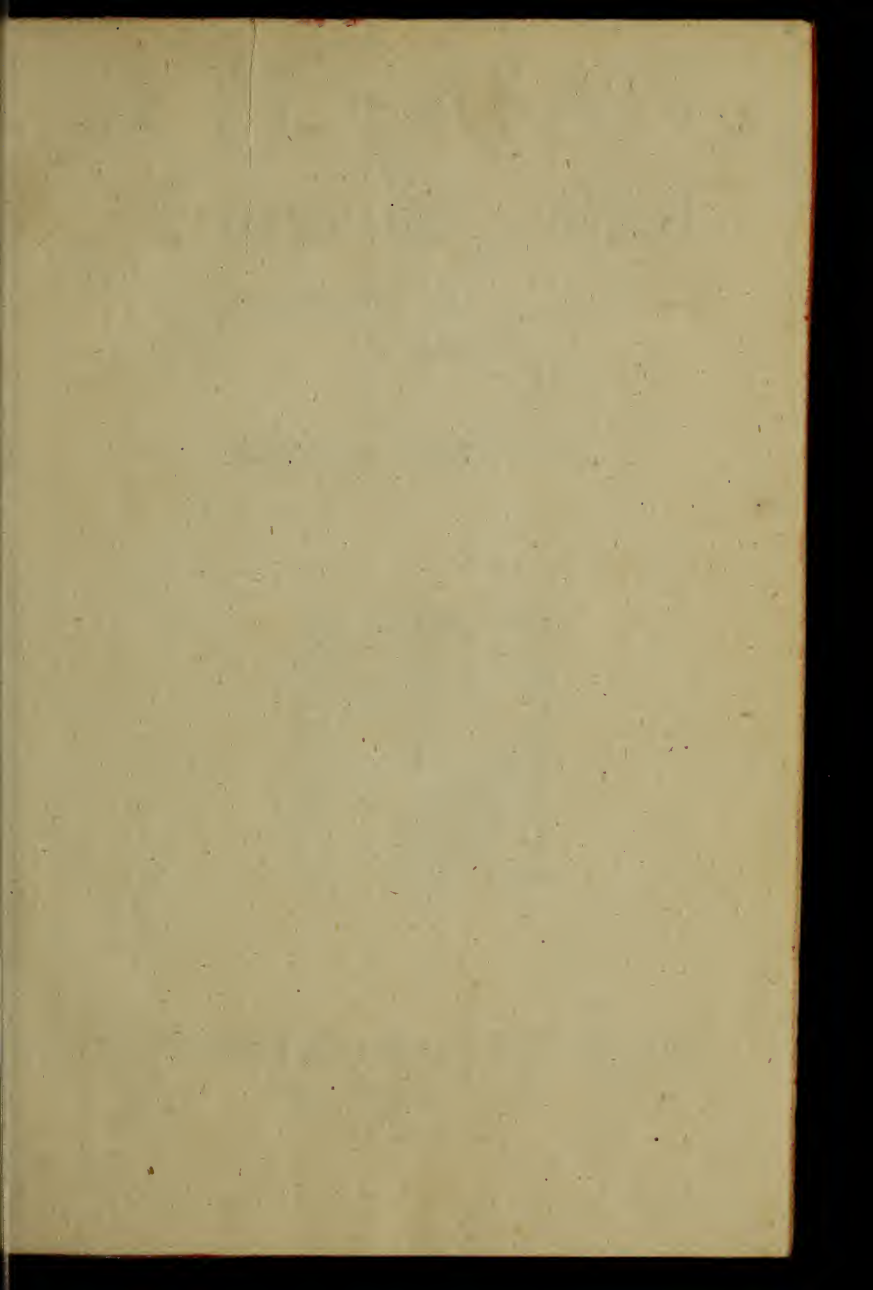


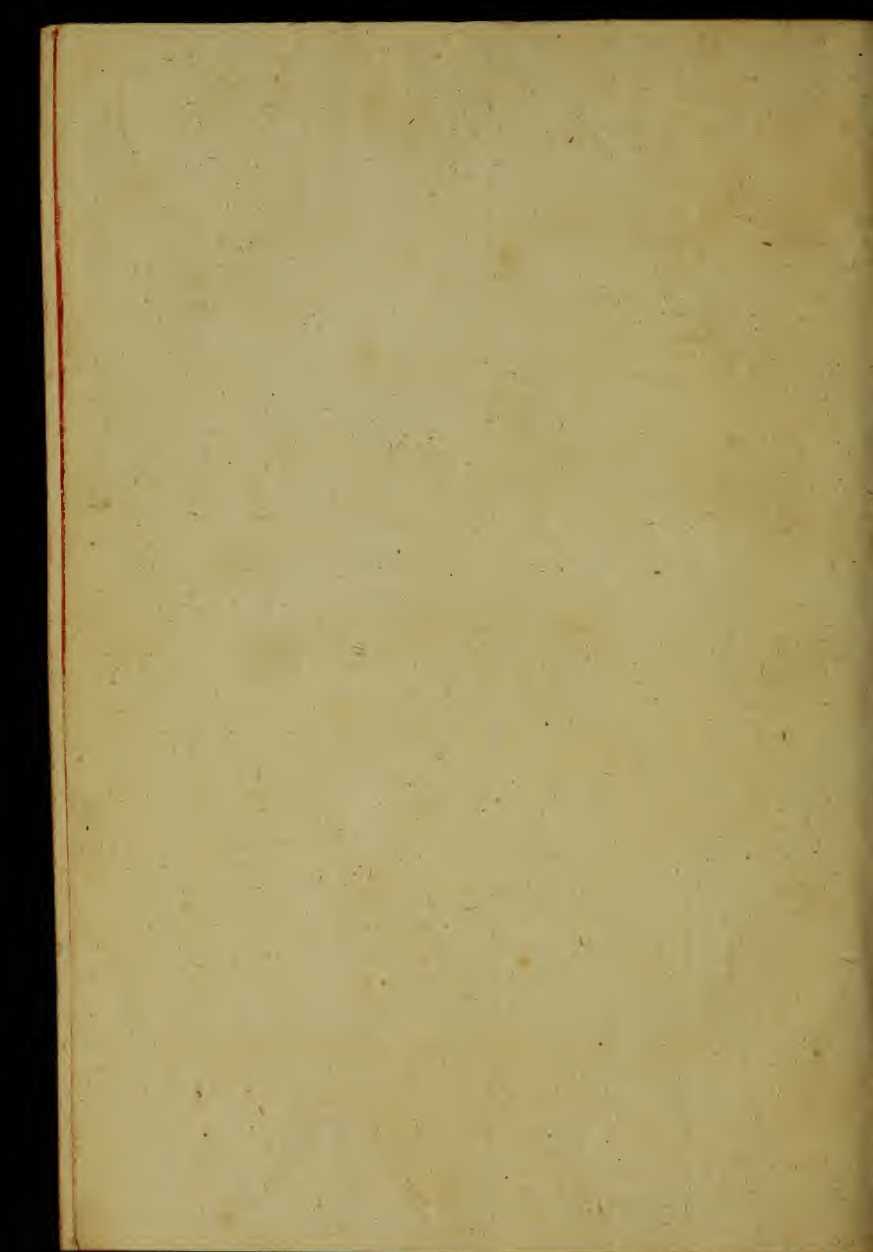
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William Holgate.







A PLEASANT
Comedie, called
Summers last will and
Testament.

Written by *Thomas Nash.*



Imprinted at London by *Simon Stafford,*
for *Walter Burre.*

1600.

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SVMMERS

last will and Testament.

*Enter Will Summers in his fooles coate but halfe on,
comming out.*

NOstem peccatis, & fraudibus obice nubem.
There is no such fine time to play the knaue in, as the night. I am a Goole or a Ghost at least; for what with turmoyle of getting my fooles apparell, and care of being perfit, I am sure I haue not yet supt to night. *Will Summers* Ghost I should be, come to present you with *Summers* last will, and Testament. Be it so, if my cousin *Ned* will lend me his Chayne and his Fiddle. Other stately pac't *Prologues* vse to attire themselues within: I that haue a toy in my head, more then ordinary, and vse to goe without money, without garters, without girdle, without a hat-band, without poynts to my hole, without a knife to my dinner, and make so much vse of this word *without*, in euery thing, will here dresse me without. *Dick Huntley* cryes, Begin, begin: and all the whole house, For shame come away; when I had my things but now brought me out of the *Lawndry*. God forgiue me, I did not see my Lord before. He set a good face on it, as though what I had talkt idly all this while, were my part. So it is, *boni viri*, that one foole presents another; and I a foole by nature, and by arte, do speake to you in the person of the Idiot our Play-maker. He like a Foppe & an Ass, must be making himselfe a publike laughing stock, & haue no thanke for his labor; where other *Magisterij*, whose inuention is farre more exquisite, are content to sit still, and doe nothing. He shewe you what a

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scūry.

Summers last will

fcuruy Prologue he had made me in an old vayne of similitudes: if you bee good fellowes, giue it the hearing, that you may iudge of him thereafter.

The Prologue.

AT a solemne feast of the *Triumviri* in Rome, it was seene and obserued, that the birds ceased to sing, & sate solitarie on the house tops, by reason of the sight of a paynted Serpēt set openly to view. So fares it with vs nouices, that here betray our imperfections: we, afraid to looke on the imaginary serpent of Enuy, paynted in mens affections, haue ceased to tune any musike of mirth to your eares this twelue month, thinking, that as it is the nature of the serpent to hisse: so childhood and ignorance would play the gollings, contemning, and condemning what they vnderstood not. Their censures we wey not, whose fences are not yet vnswadled. The little minutes will be continually striking, though no man regard them. Whelpes will barke, before they can see, and strue to byte, before they haue teeth. *Politianus* speaketh of a beast, who, while hee is cut on the table, drinketh, and represents the motions & voyces of a liuing creature. Such like foolish beasts are we, who, whilest we are cut, mocked, & flowted at, in euery mans common talke, will notwithstanding proceed to shame our selues, to make sport. No man pleaseth all, we seeke to please one. *Didymus* wrote foure thousand bookes, or as some say, six thousand, of the arte of *Grammar*. Our Authour hopes, it may be as lawfull for him to write a thousand lines of as light a subiect. *Socrates* (whom the Oracle pronounced the wisest man of Greece) sometimes daunced. *Scipio* and *Lelius* by the seaside played at pebble-stone. *Semel insaniunt omnes*. Every man cannot, with *Archimedes*, make a heauen of brasse, or dig gold out of the iron mynes of the lawe. Such odde trifles, as Mathematicians experiments be, Artificiall flyes to hang in the ayre by themselves, daunsing balles, an egge-shell that shall clyme vp to the top of a speare, fiery breathing goares, *Rocta noster* professeth not to make. *Placeat sibi quisq; licebit*. What's a foole but his bable? Deepe reaching wits, heere is no deepe streame

and Testament.

streames for you to angle in. Moralizers, you that wrest a neuer meant meaning, out of euery thing, applying all things to the present time, keepe your attention for the common Stage: for here are no quips in Characters for you to reade. Vayne glozers, gather what you will. Spite, spell backwards, what thou canst. As the *Parthians* fight, flying away: so will wee prate and talke, but stand to nothing that we say.

How say you, my masters, doe you not laugh at him for a Coxcombe? Why, he hath made a *Prologue* longer then his Play: nay, 'tis no Play neyther, but a shewe. Ile be sworne, the ligge of Rowlands God-sonne, is a Gyant in comparision of it. What can be made of Summers last will & Testament? Such another thing, as *Gyllian* of *Braynford*s will, where shee bequeathed a score of farts amongst her friends. Forsooth, because the plague raignes in most places in this latter end of summer, Summer must come in sicke: he must call his officers to account, yeeld his throne to Autumne, make Winter his Executour, with tittle tattle Tom boy: God giue you good night in Watling street. I care not what I say now: for I play no more then you heare; & some of that you heard to (by your leaue) was extempore. He were as good haue let me had the best part: for Ile be reueng'd on him to the vttermost, in this person of *Will Summer*, which I haue put on to play the *Prologue*, and meane not to put off, till the play be done. Ile sit as a *Chorus*, and flowte the *Actors* and him at the end of euery Sceane: I know they will not interrupt me, for feare of marring of all: but looke to your cues, my masters; for I intend to play the knaue in cue, and put you besides all your parts, if you take not the better heede. *Actors*, you Rogues, come away, cleare your throats, blowe your noses, and wype your mouthes ere you enter, that you may take no occasion to spit or to cough, when you are *non plus*. And this I barre ouer and besides, That none of you stroake your beardes, to make action, play with your cod-piece poynts, or stand fumbling on your buttons, when you know not how to bestow your fingers. Serue God, and act cleanly; a fit of mirth, and an old song first, if you will.

Summers last will

Enter Summer, leaning on *Autumnes* and *Winters* shoulders,
and attended on with a trayne of *Satyrs*, and *Wood-*
Nymphs, singing.

Fayre Summer droops, droope men and beasts therefore:

So fayre a summer looke for neuer more.

All good things vanish, lesse then in a day,

Peace, plenty, pleasure sodainely decay.

Goe not yet away bright soule of the sad yeare.

The earth is hell, when thou lea'st to appeare.

What, shall those flowres that deckt thy garlanderst,

Vpon thy grane be wastfully disperst?

O trees, consume your sap in sorrowes sourse.

Streames, turne to teares your tributary course.

Goe not yet hence, bright soule of the sad yeare.

The earth is hell, when thou lea'st to appeare.

The *Satyrs* and *wood-Nymphs* goe out singing, and leane

Summer and Winter and *Autumne* on the stage.

Will. Summer. A couple of pratty boyes, if they would wash
their faces, and were well breecht an houre or two. The rest
of the greene men haue reasonable voyces, good to sing cat-
ches, or the great *Iowben* by the fires side, in a winters euening.
But let vs heare what Summer can say for himselfe, why hee
should not be list at.

Summer. What pleasure alway lasts? no ioy endures:

Summer I was, I am not as I was:

Haruest and age haue whit'ned my greene head:

On *Autumne* now and *Winter* must I leane.

Needs must he fall, whom none but foes vphold.

Thus must the happiest man haue his blacke day.

Omnibus vna manet nox, & calcanda semel via lathi.

This month haue I layne languishing a bed,

Looking eche houre to yeeld my life, and throne;

And dyde I had in deed vnto the earth,

But that *Eliza* Englands beauteous Queene,

On whom all seasons prosperously attend,

Forbad the execution of my fate,

Vntill

and Testament.

Vntill her ioyfull progresse was expir'd.
For her doth Summer liue, and linger here,
And wisheth long to liue to her content:
But wishes are not had when they wish well.
I must depart, my death-day is set downe:
To these two must I leaue my wheaten crowne.
So vnto vnthrifts rich men leaue their lands,
Who in an houre consume long labours gaynes.
True is it that diuineſt Sidney ſung,
O, he is mard, that is for others made.
Come neere, my friends, for I am neere my end.
In preſence of this Honourable trayne,
Who loue me (for I patronize their ſports)
Meane I to make my ſmall Teſtament:
But firſt Ile call my officers to count,
And of the wealth I gaue them to diſpoſe,
Know what is left. I may know what to giue
Vertumnus then, that turnſt the yere about.
Summon them one by one to anſwere me,
Firſt *Ver*, the ſpring, vnto whoſe cuſtody
I haue committed more then to the reſt:
The choiſe of all my fragrant meades and flowres,
And what delights ſoe're nature affords.

Vertum. I will, my Lord. *Ver*, luſty *Ver*, by the name of
luſty *Ver*, come into the court, loſe a marke in iſſues.

Enter Ver with his trayne, ouerlayd with ſuites of greene moſſe.
representing ſhort graſſe, ſinging.

The Song.

*Spring, the ſweete ſpring, is the yeres pleaſant King,
Then bloomes eche thing, then maydes dawnce in a ring,
Cold doeth not ſting, the pretty birds doe ſing,
Cuckow, ingge, ingge, pu we, to witta woo.
The Palme and May make countrey houſes gay.
Lambs friſke and play, the Shepherds pype all day,
And we heare aye, birds tune this merry lay,
Cuckow, ingge, ingge, pu we, to witta woo.*

Summers last will

*The fields breathe sweete, the dayzies kisse our fesse,
Young louers meete, old wines a sunning sit :
In euery streete, these tunes our eares doe greete,
Cuckow, iugge, iugge, pu we, to witta woo.*

Spring the sweete spring.

Will Summer. By my troth, they haue voyces as cleare as Christall: this is a pratty thing, if it be for nothing but to goe a begging with.

Summers: Beleeue me, *Ver*, but thou art pleasant bent, This humor should import a harmlesse minde : Knowst thou the reason why I sent for thee ?

Ver. No faith, nor care not, whether I do or no.

If you will daunce a Galliard, so it is: if not, Falangtado, Falangtado, to weare the blacke and yellow : Falangtado, Falagtado, my mates are gone, Ile followe.

Summer. Nay, stay a while, we must confer and talke.

Ver, call to mind I am thy soueraigne Lord, And what thou hast, of me thou hast, and holdst. Vnto no other end I sent for thee.

But to demaund a reckoning at thy hands, How well or ill thou hast imployd my wealth.

Ver. If that be all, we will not disagree.

A cleane trencher and a napkin you shall haue presently.

Will Summer. The truth is, this fellow hath bin a tapster in his daies.

Ver goes in, and fetcheth out the Hobby horse & the morris daunce, who daunce about.

Summer. How now ? is this the reckoning we shall haue ?

Winter. My Lord, he doth abuse you : brooke it not.

Autumne. *Summa totalis* I feare will proue him but a foole.

Ver. About, about, liuely, put your horse to it, reyne him harder, ierke him with your wand, sit fast, sit fast, man; foole, hold vp your ladle there.

Will Summer. O braue hall ! O, well sayd, butcher. Now for the credit of Wostershire. The finest set of Morris-dauncers that is betweene this and Stretham: mary, me thinks there is

one

and Testament.

one of them daſceth like a Clothyers horſe, with a wool-pack on his backe. You friend with the Hobby-horſe, goe not too faſt, for feare of wearing out my Lords tyle-ſtones with your hob-nayles.

Ver. So, ſo, ſo, trot the ring twiſe ouer, and away. May it pleaſe my Lord, this is the grand capitall ſumme, but there are certayne parcels behind, as you ſhall ſee.

Summer. Nay, nay, no more; for this is all too much.

Ver. Content your ſelfe, we'le haue variety.

Here enter 3. Clownes, & 3. maids, ſinging this ſong, daunſing.

Trip and goe, beane and hoe,

Vp and downe to and fro,

From the towne, to the groue,

Two, and two, let vs rone

A Maying, a playing :

Love hath no gainsaying :

So merrily trip and goe.

'Will Summer. Beſhrew my heart, of a number of ill legs, I neuer ſawe worſe daunſers : how bleſt are you, that the wenches of the pariſh doe not ſee you !

Summer. Preſumptuous *Ver*, vnciuill nurturde boy, Think'ſt I will be derided thus of thee ? Is this th'account and reckoning that thou mak'ſt ?

Ver. Troth, my Lord, to tell you playne, I can giue you no other account : *nam que habui, perdi*; what I had, I haue ſpent on good fellowes, in theſe ſports you haue ſcene, which are proper to the Spring, and others of like ſort, (as giuing wenches greene gownes, making garlands for Fencers, and tricking vp children gay) haue I beſtowde all my flowry treaſure, and flowre of my youth.

Will Summer. A ſmall matter. I knowe one ſpent in leſſe then a yere, eyght and fifty pounds in muſtard, and an other that ranne in det, in the ſpace of foure or ſiue yere, aboue foureteene thouſand pound in lute ſtrings and gray paper.

Summer. O monſtrous vnthrift, who e're heard the like ? The ſeaſ vailt throate in ſo ſhort tract of time,

Summers last will

Deuoureth nor consumeth halfe so much.

How well mightst thou haue liu'd within thy bounds?

Ver. What talke you to me, of liuing within my bounds? I tell you, none but Asses liue within their bounds: the silly beasts, if they be put in a pasture, that is eaten bare to the very earth, & where there is nothing to be had but thistles, will rather fall soberly to those thistles, and be hungerstaru'd, then they will offer to breake their bounds; whereas the lusty courser, if he be in a barrayne plot, and spye better grasse in some pasture neere adioyning, breakes ouer hedge and ditch, and to goe, ere he will be pent in, and not haue his belly full. Peraduenture, the horses lately sworne to be stolne, carried that youthfull mind, who, if they had bene Asses, would haue bene yet extant.

Will Summers. Thus we may see, the longer we liue, the more wee shall learne: I ne're thought honeltie an asse, till this day.

Ver. This world is transitory, it was made of nothing, and it must to nothing: wherefore, if wee will doe the will of our high Creatour, (whose will it is, that it passe to nothing) wee must helpe to consume it to nothing. Gold is more vile then men: Men dye in thousands, and ten thousands, yea, many times in hundreth thousands in one battaile. If then, the best husband bee so liberall of his best handyworke, to what ende should we make much of a glittering excrement, or doubt to spend at a banquet as many pounds, as he spends men at a battaile? Me thinkes I honour *Geta* the Romane Emperour, for a braue minded fellow: for he commaunded a banquet to bee made him of all meats vnder the Sunne; which were serued in after the order of the Alphabet; and the Clarke of the kitchin following the last dish (which was two mile off from the foremost) brought him an Index of their seuerall names: Neyther did he pingle when it was set on the boord, but for the space of three dayes and three nights, neuer rose from the Table.

Will Summers. O intolerable lying villayne, that was neuer begotten without the consent of a whetstone.

Summer.

and Testament.

Summer. Vngracious man, how fondly he argueth !

Ver. Tell me, I pray, wherefore was gold layd vnder our feete in the veynes of the earth, but that wee should contemne it, and treade vpon it, and so consequently treade thrift vnder our feete ? It was not knowne, till the Iron age, *donec facinus inuasit mortales*, as the Poet sayes; and the Scythians alwayes detested it. I will proue it, that an vnthrif, of any, comes neereft a happy man, in so much as he comes neereft to beggery. Cicero saith, *summum bonum* consistes in *omnium rerum vacatione*, that it is the chiefest felicitie that may be, to rest from all labours. Now, who doeth so much *vacare à rebus*, who rests so much? who hath so little to doe, as the begger? Who can sing so merry a note, as he that cannot change a groate? *Cui nil est, nil deest*: hee that hath nothing, wants nothing. On the other side, it is said of the Carle, *Omnia habeo, nec quicquam habeo*: I haue all things, yet want euery thing. *Multi mihi vitio vertunt, quia egeo*, saith Marcus Cato in Aulus Gellius, *at ego illis, quia nequeunt egere*: Many vpbrayde me, sayth he, because I am poore: but I vpbrayd them, because they cannot liue if they were poore. It is a common prouerbe, *Divesq; miserg;*, a rich man, and a miserable: *nam natura paucis cōtenta*, none so contented as the poore man. Admit that the chiefest happines were not rest or ease, but knowledge, as Herillus, Alcidas, & many of Socrates followers affirme; why, *paupertas omnes perdocet artes*, pouerty instructs a man in all arts, it makes a man hardy and venturous; and therefore it is called of the Poets, *Paupertas audax*, valiant pouerty. It is not so much subiect to inordinate desires, as wealth or prosperity. *Non habet unde suum paupertas pascat amorem*: pouerty hath not wherewithall to feede lust. All the Poets were beggers: all Alcumists, and all Philosophers are beggers; *Omnia mea mecum porto*, quoth Bias, when he had nothing, but bread and cheefe in a letherne bagge, and two or three bookes in his bosome. Saint Frauncis, a holy Saint, & neuer had any money. It is madnes to dote vpon mucke. That young man of Athens, (Aelianus makes mention of) may be an example to vs, who

Summers last will

doted so extremely on the image of Fortune, that when hee might not inioy it, he dyed for sorrow. The earth yelds all her frutes together, and why should not we spend them together? I thanke heauens on my knees, that haue made mee an vn-thrift.

Summer. O vanitie it selfe; O witill spent!
So studie thousands not to mend their liues,
But to maintayne the sinne they most affect,
To be hels aduocates against their owne soules.
Ver, since thou giu'st such prayse to beggery,
And hast defended it so valiantly,
This be thy penance; Thou shalt ne're appeare,
Or come abroad, but Lent shall wayte on thee:
His scarlity may counteruayle thy wasse.
Ryot may flourish, but findes want at last.
Take him away, that knoweth no good way,
And leade him the next way to woe and want.
Thus in the paths of knowledge many stray,
And from the meanes of life fetch their decay.

Exit Ver.

Will Summer. Heigh ho. Here is a coyle in deede to bring
beggars to stockes. I promise you truely, I was almost asleep;
I thought I had bene at a Sermon. Well, for this one nights
exhortation, I vow (by Gods grace) neuer to be good hus band
while I liue. But what is this to the purpose? *Hur come to Powl*
(as the Welshman sayes) *and hur pay an halfepenny for hur seat,*
and hur beare the Preacher talge, and a talge very well by gis, but
yet a cannot make hur laugh: got a Theater, and heare a Queenes
Fice, and he make hur laugh, and laugh hur belly-full. So we come
hither to laugh and be merry, and we heare a filthy beggerly
Oration, in the prayse of beggery. It is a beggerly Poet that
writ it: and that makes him so much commend it, because hee
knowes not how to mend himselfe. Well, rather then he shall
haue no employment but licke dishes, I will set him a worke
my selfe, to write in prayse of the arte of stouping, and howe
there was neuer any famous Thresher, Porter, Brewér, Pio-
ner, or Carpenter, that had streight backe. Repayre to my
chamber,

and Testament.

chamber, poore fellow, when the play is done, and thou shalt see what I will say to thee.

Summer. *Vertumnus*, call *Solstitium*.

Vertum. *Solstitium*, come into the court without: peace there below; make roome for master *Solstitium*.

Enter Solstitium like an aged Hermit, carrying a payre of ballances, with an houre-glasse in cyther of them; one houre-glasse white, the other blacke: he is brought in by a number of shepherds, playing upon *Recorders*.

Solstitium. All hayle to Summer my dread soueraigne Lord.

Summer. Welcome, *Solstitium*, thou art one of them,
To whose good husbandry we haue referr'd
Part of those small reuenues that we haue.

What hast thou gaynd vs? what hast thou brought in?

Solstitium. Alas, my Lord, what gaue you me to keepe,
But a fewe dayes eyes in my prime of youth?
And those I haue conuerted to white hayres:
I neuer lou'd ambitiously to clyme,
Or thrust my hand too farre into the fire.
To be in heauen, sure, is a blessed thing:
But Atlas-like, to proppe heauen on ones backe,
Cannot but be more labour then delight.
Such is the state of men in honour plac'd;
They are gold vessels made for seruile vses,
High trees that keepe the weather from low houses,
But cannot sheild the tempest from themselves.
I loue to dwell betwixt the hilles and dales;
Neyther to be so great to be enuide,
Nor yet so poore the world should pitie me.

Inter vtrumq; tene, medio iustissimus ibis.

Summer. What doest thou with those ballances thou bearest?

Solstitium. In them I weigh the day and night alike.
This white glasse is the houre-glasse of the day:
This blacke one the iust measure of the night;
One more then other holdeth not a grayne:

Summers last will

Both serue times iust proportion to mayntayne.

Summer. I like thy moderation wondrous well:
And this thy ballance, wayghing the white glasse
And blacke, with equall poyze and stedfast hand,
A patterne is to Princes and great men,
How to weigh all estates indifferently:
The Spirituality and Temporality alike,
Neyther to be too prodigall of sinyles,
Nor too seuer in frowning without cause.
If you be wise, you Monarchs of the earth,
Haue two such glasses still before your eyes;
Thinke as you haue a white glasse running on,
Good dayes, friends fauor, and all things at becke,
So this white glasse runne out (as out it will)
The blacke comes next, your downfall is at hand,
Take this of me, for somewhat I haue tryde;
A mighty ebbe followes a mighty tyde.
But say, *Solstitium*, hadst thou nought besides?
Nought but dayes eyes, and faire looks, gaue I thee?

Solstitium. Nothing my Lord, nor ought more did I aske.

Summer. But hadst thou alwayes kept thee in my sight,
Thy good deserts, though silent, would haue askt.

Solst. Deserts, my Lord, of ancient seruitours,
Are like old sores, which may not be ript vp:
Such vse these times haue got, that none must beg,
But those that haue young limmes to lauish fast.

Summer. I grieue, no more regard was had of thee:
A little sooner hadst thou spoke to me,
Thou hadst bene heard, but now the time is past:
Death wayteth at the dore for thee and me;
Let vs goe measure out our beds in clay:
Nought but good deedes hence shall we beare away.
Be, as thou wert, best steward of my howres,
And so returne vnto thy countrey bowres.

*Here Solstitium goes out with his musike,
as he comes in.*

and Testament.

Will Summer. Fye, fye of honesty, fye: Solstitium is an asse, perdy, this play is a gally-maufrey: fetch mee some drinke, some body. What cheere, what cheere, my hearts? are not you thirsty with listening to this dry sport? What haue we to doe with scales, and hower-glasses, except we were Bakers, or Clock-keepers? I cannot tell how other men are addicted, but it is against my profession to vse any scales, but such as we play at with a boule, or keepe any howers, but dinner or supper. It is a pedanticall thing, to respect times and seasons: if a man be drinking with good fellowes late, he must come home, for feare the gates be shut; when I am in my warme bed, I must rise to prayers, because the bell rings. I like no such foolish customes. Actors, bring now a black Iack, and a rundlet of of Renish wine, disputing of the antiquity of red noses; let the prodigall childe come out in his dublet and hose all greasy, his shirt hanging forth, and ne're a penny in his purse, and talke what a fine thing it is to walke summerly, or sit whistling vnder a hedge and keepe hogges. Go forward in grace and vertue to proceed; but let vs haue no more of these graue matters.

Summer. *Vertumnus*, will *Sol* come before vs.

Vertumnus. *Sol*, *Sol*, *ut, re, me, fa, sol*, come to church while the bell toll.

Enter Sol, verie richly attir'de, With a noyse of Musicians before him.

Summer. I marrie, here comes maiestie in pompe,
Resplendent *Sol*, chiefe planet of the heauens,
He is our seruant, lookes he ne're so big.

Sol. My liege, what crau'st thou at thy vassals hands?

Summer. Hypocrisie, how it can change his shape!
How base is pride from his owne dunghill put?

How I haue rail'd thee, *Sol*, I list not tell,
Out of the Ocean of aduersitie,
To sit in height of honors glorious heauen,
To be the eye-sore of aspiring eyes,

Summers last will

To giue the day her life, from thy bright lookes,
And let nought thrine vpon the face of earth,
From which thou shalt withdraw thy powerful smiles.
What hast thou done deseruing such his grace?
What industrie, or meritorious toyle,
Canst thou produce, to proue my gift well plac'de?
Some seruice, or some profit I expect:
None is promoted but for some respect.

Sol. My Lord, what needs these termes betwixt vs two?
Vpbraiding, ill beseemes your bounteous mind;
I do you honour for aduancing me.
Why, 'tis a credit for your excellence,
To haue so great a subiect as I am:
This is your glorie and magnificence,
That without stouping of your mightinesse,
Or taking any whit from your high state,
You can make one as mightie as your selfe.

Autumne. O arrogance exceeding all beliefe!
Summer my Lord, this sawcie vpstart Iacke,
That now doth rule the chariot of the Sunne,
And makes all starres deriue their light from him,
Is a most bale insinuating slaue,
The sonne of parsimony, and disdaine,
One that will shine, on friends and foes alike,
That vnder brightest smiles, hideth blacke showers:
Whose enuious breath doth dry vp springs and lakes,
And burnes the grasse, that beastes can get no foode.

Winter. No dunghill hath so vilde an excrement,
But with his beames hee will forthwith exhale:
The fennes and quag-myrestiche to him their filth:
Foorth purest mines he suckes a gainefull drosse:
Greene Iuy-bushes at the Vintners doores
He withers, and deuoureth all their sap.

Autumne. Lasciuious and intemperate he is.
The wrong of *Daphne* is a well knowne tale:
Eche euening he descends to *Thetis* lap,

and Testament.

The while menthinke he bathes him in the sea,
O, but when he returneth whence he came,
Downe to the West, then dawnes his deity,
Then doubled is the swelling of his lookes;
He ouerloades his carre with Orient gemmes,
And reynes his fiery horses with rich pearle:
He termes himselfe the god of Poetry,
And setteth wanton songs vnto the Lute.

Winter. Let him not talke; for he hath words at will,
And wit to make the baddest matter good. (or truth?)

Summer. Bad words, bad wit: oh, where dwels faith
Ill vsury my fauours reape from thee,
Vsurping *Sol*, the hate of heauen and earth.

Sol. If Enuy vnconfuted may accuse,
Then Innocence must vncondemned dye.
The name of Martyrdome offence hath gaynd,
When fury stopt a froward Iudges eares,
Much Ile not say (much speech much folly shewes)
What I haue done, you gaue me leaue to doe.
The excrements you bred, whereon I feede,
To rid the earth of their contagious fumes;
With such grosse carriage did I loade my beames,
I burnt no grasse, I dried no springs and lakes:
I suckt no mines, I withered no greene boughes.
But when to ripen haruest I was forc't,
To make my rayes more feruent then I wont,
For *Daphnes* wrongs and scapes in *Thetis* lap,
All Gods are subiect to the like mishap.
Starres daily fall (t'is vse is all in all)
And men account the fall but natures course:
Vaunting my iewels, hasting to the West,
Or rising early from the gray eide morne,
What do I vaunt but your large bountihood
And shew how liberall a Lord I serue.
Musique and poetrie, my two last crimes,
Are those two exercises of delight,

Summers last will

Wherewith long labours I doe weary out.
The dying Swanne is not forbid to sing.
The waues of *Heber* playd on *Orpheus* strings,
When he (sweete muliques *Trophe*) was destroyd.
And as for Poetry, woods eloquence,
(Dead *Phaetons* three sisters funerall teares
That by the gods were to *Electrum* turnd)
Not flint, or rockes of Icy cynders fram'd,
Deny the source of siluer-falling streames.
Enuy enuieth not outcries vnrest :
In vaine I pleade, well, is to me a fault,
And these my words seeme the flyght webbe of arte,
And not to haue the taste of sounder truth.
Let none but fooles, be car'd for of the wise ;
Knowledge owne children, knowledge most despise.

Sumer. Thou know'st too much, to know to keepe the
He that sees all things, oft sees not himselfe. (meane,
The *Thames* is witnesse of thy tyranny,
Whose waues thou hast exhaust for winter showres,
The naked channell playnes her of thy spite,
That laid'st her in trailes vnto open sight.
Vnprofitably borne to man and beast,
Which like to *Nilus* yet doth hide his head,
Some few yeares since thou let'st o'reflow these walks,
And in the horse-race headlong ran at race,
While in a cloude, thou hid'st thy burning face :
Where was thy care to rid contagious filth,
When some men wetshod, (with his waters) droupt?
Others that ate the *Eeles* his heate cast vp,
Sickned and dyde by them impoysoned
Sleep'st thou, or keep'st thou then *Admetus* sheepe,
Thou driu'st not back these flowingsto the deepe?

Sol. The winds, not I, haue floods & tydes in chase:
Diana, whom our fables call the moone,
Only commaundeth o're the raging mayne,
Shee leads his wallowing ofspring vp and downe,
Shee

and Testament.

Shee wayning, all streames ebbe in the yeare :
 Shee was eclips't, when that the *Thames* was bare.

Summer. A bare coniecture, builded on perhaps;
 In laying thus the blame vpon the moone,
 Thou imitat'st subtill *Pithagoras*,
 Who, what he would the people should beleue,
 The same he wrote with blood vpon a glasse,
 And turnd it opposite gainst the new moone;
 Whose beames reflecting on it with full force,
 Shewd all those lynes, to them that stood behinde,
 Most playnly writ in circle of the moone,
 And then he said, Not I, but the new moone
 Faire *Cynthia* perswades you this and that;
 With like collusion shalt thou not blind mee:
 But for abusing both the moone and mee,
 Long shalt thou be eclipsed by the moone,
 And long in darknesse lue, and see no light.
 Away with him, his doome hath no reuerse.

Sol. What is eclips't, will one day shine againe :
 Though winter frownes, the Spring wil ease my paine.
 Time, from the brow, doth wipe out euery stayne.

Exit Sol.

Will Summer. I thinke the Sunne is not so long in passing
 through the twelue signes, as the sonne of a foole hath bin dis-
 puting here, about had I wist. Out of doubt, the Poet is bribde
 of some that haue a messe of creame to eate, before my Lord
 goe to bed yet, to hold him halfe the night with risse, raffe, of
 the rumming of *Elanor*. If I can tell what it meanes, pray god,
 I may neuer get breakefast more, when I am hungry. Troth,
 I am of opinion, he is one of those *Hieroglificall* writers, that by
 the figures of beasts, planets, and of stones, expresse the mind,
 as we doe in A. B. C. or one that writes vnder hayre, as I
 haue heard of a certaine Notary *Histions*, who following *Da-*
rius in the Persian warres, and desirous to disclose some se-
 crets of import, to his friend *Aristagoras*, that dwelt as farre
 off, found out this meanes: He had a seruant that had bene

Summers last will

long sicke of a payne in his eyes, whom, vnder pretence of curing his maladie, he shau'd from one side of his head, to the other, and with a soft pensill wrote vpon his scalpe, (as on parchment) the discourse of his busines, the fellow all the while imagining, his master had done nothing but noynt his head with a feather. After this, hee kept him secretly in his tent, till his hayre was somewhat growne, and then wil'd him to go to *Aristagoras* into the countrey, and bid him shaue him, as he had done, and he should haue perfit remedie. He did so: *Aristagoras* shau'd him with his owne hands, read his friends letter; and when hee had done, washt it out, that no man should perceyue it else, and sent him home to buy him a night-cap. If I wist there were any such knauery, or Peter Bales *Brachigraphy*, vnder *Sols* bushy hayre, I would haue a Barber, my holte of the Murrions head, to be his Interpretour, who would whet his rasor on his Richmond cap, and giue him the terrible cut, like himselfe, but he would come as neere as a quart pot, to the construction of it. To be sententious, not superfluous, *Sol* should haue bene beholding to the Barbour, *vbis* and not the beard-master. Is it pride that is shadowed vnder this two-leg'd Sunne, that neuer came neerer heauen, dles then *Dubbers* hill? That pride is not my sinne, *Slouens Hall*, where I was borne, be my record. As for couetousnes, intemperance and exaction, I meet with nothing in a whole yeare, but a cup of wine, for such vices to bee conuersant in. *Pergite porro*, my good children, and multiply the sinnes of your absurdities, till you come to the full measure of the grand hisse, and you shall heare how we will purge rewme with censuring your imperfections.

Summer. Vertumnus, call Orion.

Vertum. Orion, Vrion, Arion; my Lord thou must looke vpon: *Orion*, gentleman dogge-keeper, huntsman, come into the court: looke you bring all hounds, and no bandogges. Peace there, that we may heare their hornes blow.

Enter Orion like a hunter, with a borne about his necke, all his men after the same sort hallowing, and blowing their hornes.

Orion

and Testament.

Orion. Sirra, wast thou that cal'd vs from our game?
How durst thou (being but a pettie God)
Disturbe me in the entrance of my sports?

Summer. 'Twas I, *Orion*, caus'd thee to be calde.

Orion. 'Tis I, dread Lord, that humbly will obey.

Summer. How haps't thou lefist the heauens, to hunt below?
As I remember, thou wert *Hireus* sonne,
Whom of a huntsman Ioue chose for a starre,
And thou art calde the Dog-starre, art thou not?

Autumne. Pleaseth your honor, heauens circumfence
Is not ynough for him to hunt and range, (rence
But with those venome-breathed cures he leads,
He comes to chase health from our earthly bounds;
Each one of those foule-mouthed mangy dogs
Gouernes a day, (no dog but hath his day)
And all the daies by them so gouerned,
The Dog-daies hight, infectious fosterers
Of meteors from carrion that arise,
And putrified bodies of dead men,
Are they ingendred to that ougly shape,
Being nought els but preseru'd corruption.
T'is these that in the entrance of their raigne
The plague and dangerous agues haue brought in.
They arre and barke at night against the Moone,
For fetching in fresh tides to cleanse the streetes.
They vomit flames, and blast the ripened fruites:
They are deathes messengers vnto all those,
That sicken while their malice beareth sway.

Orion. A tedious discourse, built on no ground,
A sillie fancie *Autumne* hast thou told,
Which no Philosophie doth warrantize,
No old receiued poetrie confirms.
I will not grace thee by confusing thee:
Yet in a iest (since thou railest so gainst dogs)
He speake a word or two in their defence:
That creature's best that comes most neere to men.

Summers last will

That dogs of all come neereſt, thus I proue :
Firſt they excell vs in all outward ſence,
Which no one of experience will deny,
They heare, they ſmell, they ſee better then we,
To come to ſpeech they haue it queſtionleſſe,
Although we vnderſtand them not ſo well :
They barke as good old Saxon as may be,
And that in more varietie then we :
For they haue one voice when they are in chaſe,
Another, when they wrangle for their meate,
Another, when we beate them out of dores.
That they haue reaſon, this I will alleadge,
They chooſe thoſe things that are moſt fit for them,
And ſhunne the contrarie all that they may,
They know what is for their owne diet beſt,
And ſeek about for't very carefully.
At ſight of any whip they runne away,
As runs a thiefe from noiſe of hue and crie :
Nor liue they on the ſweat of others browes,
But haue their trades to get their liuing with,
Hunting and conie-catching, two fine artes:
Yea, there be of them as there be of men,
Of euerie occupation more or leſſe :
Some cariers, and they fetch, ſome watermen,
And they will diue and ſwimme when you bid them :
Some butchers, and they worrie ſheep by night :
Some cookes, and they do nothing but turne ſpits,
Chriſippus holds, dogs are Logicians,
In that by ſtudie and by canuaſing,
They can diſtinguiſh twixt three ſeueral things,
As when he commeth where three broad waies meet,
And of thoſe three hath ſtaid at two of them,
By which he geſſeth that the game went not,
Without more pauſe he runneth on the third,
Which, as *Chriſippus* ſaith, inſinuates,
As if he reaſon'd thus within himſelfe :

and Testament.

Eyther he went this, that, or yonder way,
But neyther that, nor yonder, therefore this:
But whether they Logicians be or no,
Cinicks they are, for they will snarle and bite,
Right courtiers to flatter and to fawne,
Valiant to set vpon the enemies,
Most faithfull and most constant to their friends;
Nay they are wise, as *Homer* witnesseth,
Who talking of *Vlisses* comming home,
Saith all his household, but *Argus* his Dogge,
Had quite forgot him: I, and his deepe insight,
Nor *Pallas* Art in altering of his shape,
Nor his base weeds, nor absence twenty yeares,
Could go beyond, or any way delude.
That Dogges Phisicians are, thus I inferre,
They are ne're sicke, but they know their disease,
And finde out meanes to ease them of their grieve,
Speciall good Surgions to cure dangerous wounds:
For stricken with a stake into the flesh,
This policie they vse to get it out:
They traile one of their feet vpon the ground,
And gnaw the flesh about where the wound is,
Till it be cleane drawne out: and then, because
Vlcers and sores kept fowle, are hardly cur'd,
They licke and purifie it with their tongue,
And well obserue *Hipocrates* old rule,
The onely medicine for the foote, is rest:
For if they haue the least hurt in their feet,
They beare them vp, and looke they be not stir'd:
When humours rise, they eate a soueraigne herbe,
Whereby what cloyes their stomacks, they cast vp,
And as some writers of experience tell,
They were the first inuented vomitting.
Sham'st thou not, *Autumne*, vnaduisedly
To slander such rare creatures as they be?

Summer, We cal'd thee not, *Orion*, to this end,

Summers last will

To tell a storie of dogs qualities.

With all thy hunting how are we inricht?

What tribute payest thou vs for thy high place?

Orion. What tribute should I pay you out of nought?

Hunters doe hunt for pleasure, not for gaine.

While Dog-dayes last, the haruest safely thriues:

The sunne burnes hot, to finish vp fruits growth:

There is no bloud-letting to make men weake:

Physicians with their *Cataposia*,

r. tittle *Elinetoria*

Masticatorium and *Cataplasmata*:

Their Gargarismes, Clusters, and pitcht clothes,

Their perfumes, sirrups, and their triacles,

Refraine to poyson the sicke patients,

And dare not minister till I be out.

Then none will bathe, and so are fewer drown'd:

All lust is perilsome, therefore lesse vs'de.

In brieft, the yeare without me cannot stand:

Summer, I am thy staffe, and thy right hand.

Summer. A broken staffe, a lame right hand I had,
If thou wert all the stay that held me vp.

Nihil violentum perpetuum.

No violence that liueth to olde age.

Ill-gouern'd starre, that neuer boad'st good lucke,

I banish thee a twelue-month and a day,

Forth of my presence, come not in my sight,

Nor shewe thy head, so much as in the night.

Orion. I am content, though hunting be not out,
We will goe hunt in hell for better hap.

One parting blowe, my hearts, vnto our friends,

To bid the fields and huntsmen all farewell:

Toss'e vp your bugle hornes vnto the starres.

Toyle findeth ease, peace followes after warres.

Exit.

Here

and Testament.

*Here they goe out, blowing their hornes,
and hallowing, as they came in.*

Will Summer. Faith, this Steane of *Orion*, is right *prandium caninum*, a dogs dinner, which as it is without wine, so here's a coyle about dogges, without wit. If I had thought the ship of fooles would haue stayde to take in fresh water at the Ile of dogges, I would haue furnisht it with a whole kennell of collections to the purpose. I haue had a dogge my selfe, that would dreame, and talke in his sleepe, turne round like Ned foole, and sleepe all night in a porridge pot. Marke but the skirmish betweene sixpence and the foxe, and it is miraculous, how they ouercome one another in honorable curtesy. The foxe, though he weares a chayne, runnes as though hee were free, mocking vs (as it is a crafty beast) because we, hauing a Lord and master to attend on, runne about at our pleasures, like masterles men. Young sixpence, the best page his master hath, playes a little, and retires. I warrant, he will not be farre out of the way, when his master goes to dinner. Learne of him, you deminitue vrchins, howe to behaue your selues in your vocation, take not vp your standings in a nut-tree, when you should be waiting on my Lords trencher. Shoote but a bit at buttes, play but a span at poyntes. What euer you doe, *memento mori*: remember to rise betimes in the morning.

Summer. Vertumnus, call Haruest.

Vertumnus. Haruest, by west, and by north, by south and southeast, shewe thy selfe like a beast. Goodman Haruest yeoman, come in, and say what you can: roome for the sicke and the siccles there.

Enter Haruest with a sythe on his neck, & all his reapers with siccles, and a great black bowle with a posset in it, borne before him: they come in singing.

Summers last will

The Song.

*Merry, merry, merry, cheary, cheary, cheary,
Trowle the black bowle to me,
Hey derry, derry, with a poupe and a lerry,
He trowle it againe to thee:
Hooky hooky, we haue shorne,
and we haue bound,
And we haue brought Haruest
home to towne.*

Summer. Haruest, the Bayly of my husbandry,
What plenty hast thou heapt into our Barnes?
I hope thou hast sped well thou art so blithe.

Haruest. Sped well, or ill sir, I drinke to you on the same:
Is your throate cleare to helpe vs to sing, *hooky, hooky?*

Heere they all sing after him,

*Hooky, hooky, we haue shorne,
and we haue bound,
And we haue brought haruest
home to towne.*

Autumne. Thou Coridon, why answer'st not direct?

Haruest. Answer? why friend, I am no tapster, to say, A-
non, anon, sir: but leaue you to molest me, good man tawny
leaues, for feare (as the prouerbe sayes, leaue is light) so I mow
off all your leaues with my sithe.

Winter.

and Testament.

Winter. Mocke not, & mowe not too long you were best,
For feare we whet not your sythe vpon your pate.

Summer. Since thou art so peruerse in answering,
Haruest, heare what complaints are brought to me.

Thou art accused by the publike voyce,
For an ingrosser of the common store,
A Carle, that hast no conscience, nor remorse,
But doost impouerish the fruitfull earth,
To make thy garners rise vp to the heauens.
To whom giu'st thou? who feedeth at thy boord?
No almes, but vnrasonable gaine,

Disgests what thy huge yron teeth deuoure:
Small beere, course bread, the hynds and beggers cry,
Whilest thou withholdest both the mault and flowre,
And giu'st vs branne, and water, (fit for dogs.)

Haruest. Hooky, hooky, if you were not my Lord, I would
say you lye. First and foremost you say I am a Grocer. A
Grocer is a citizen: I am no citizen, therefore no Grocer. A
hoorder vp of graine: that's false; for not so much but my el-
bows eate wheate euery time I leane on them. A Carle: that is
as much to say, as a conny-catcher of good fellowship. For that
one word, you shall pledge me a caroule: eate a spoonfull of
the curd to allay your choller. My mates and fellows, sing no
more, Merry, merry: but weep out a lamẽtable hooky, hooky,
and let your Sickles cry, Sicke, sicke, and very sicke, & sicke,
and for the time; for Haruest your master is abusde without
reason or rime. I haue no conscience I; Ile come neerer to
you, and yet I am no scabbe, nor no louse. Can you make
prooffe where euer I sold away my conscience, or paynd it?
doe you know who would buy it, or lend any money vpon it?
I thinke I haue giuen you the pose; blow your nose, master
constable. But to say that I impouerish the earth, that I robbe
the man in the moone, that I take a parse on the top of Paules
steeple; by this straw and thrid I sweare, you are no gentle-
man, no proper man, no honest man, to make mee sing, O
man in desperation.

Summers last will

Summer. I must giue credit vnto what I heare;
For other then I heare, attract I nought.

Haruest. I, I, nought seeke, nought haue: an ill husband is the first steppes to a knaue. You obiekt I feede none at my boord. I am sure, if you were a hogge, you would neuer say so: for, surreuerence of their worshipps, they feed at my stable, table, euery day. I keepe good hospitality for hennes & geese; Gleaners are oppressed with heavy burdens of my bounty. They rake me, and eate me to the very bones, till there be nothing left but grauell and stones, and yet I giue no almes, but deuoure all. They say when a man cannot heare well, you heare with your haruest eares: but if you heard with your haruest eares, that is, with the eares of corne, which my almes-cart scatters, they would tell you, that I am the very poore mans boxe of pitie, that there are more holes of liberality open in haruests heart, then in a siue, or a dust-boxe. Suppose you were a craftsman, or an Artificer, and should come to buy corne of mee, you should haue bushels of mee, not like the Bakers loafe, that should waygh but sixe ounces, but vsury for your mony, thousands for one: what would you haue more? Eate mee out of my apparell, if you will, if you suspect mee for a miser.

Summer. I credit thee, and thinke thou wert belide.
But tell mee, hadst thou a good crop this yeare?

Haruest. Hay, Gods plenty, which was so sweete and so good, that when I erted my whip, and said to my horses but Hay, they would goe as they were mad.

Summer. But hay alone thou saist not; but hay-ree.

Haruest. I sing hay-ree, that is, hay and rye: meaning, that they shall haue hay and rye their belly-fulls, if they will draw hard; So wee say, wa, hay, when they goe out of the way: meaning, that they shall want hay, if they will not doe as they should doe.

Summer. How thrive thy oates, thy barley, and thy wheate?

Haruest. My oates grew like a cup of beere that makes the brewer rich: my rye like a Cauallier, that weares a huge feather

and Testament.

in his cap, but hath no courage in his heart; had a long stalke, a goodly huske, but nothing so great a kernell as it was wont: my barley, euen as many a nouice is crossebitten, as soone as euer hee peepes out of the shell, so was it frost-bitten in the blade, yet pickt vp his crummes agayne afterward, and bade, Fill pot, hostesse, in spite of a deare yeere. As for my Peale and my Fetches, they are famous, and not to be spoken of.

Autumne. I, I, such countrey button'd caps as you,
Doe want no fetches to vndoe great townes.

Haruest. Will you make good your words, that wee want no fetches?

Winter. I, that he shall.

Haruest. Then fetch vs a cloake-bagge, to carry away your selfe in.

Summer. Plough-swaynes are blunt, and will taunt bitterly.

Haruest. when all is done, thou art the man,

Thou doest me the best seruice of them all:

Rest from thy labours till the yeere renues,

And let the husbandmen sing of thy prayse.

Haruest. Rest from my labours, and let the husbandmen sing of my prayse? Nay, we doe not meane to rest so; by your leaue, we'le haue a largesse amongst you, e're we part.

All. A largesse, a largesse, a largesse.

Will Summer. Is there no man that will giue them a hisse for a largesse?

Haruest. No, that there is not, goodman Lundgis: I see, charitie waxeth cold, and I thinke this house be her habitatiō, for it is not very hot; we were as good euen put vp our pipes, and sing Merry, merry, for we shall get no money.

Here they goe out all singing,

*Merry, merry, merry, cheary, cheary, cheary,
Trowle the blacke bowle to me:*

Summers last will

*Hey derry, derry, with a poupe and a lerrie,
Ile trowle it againe to thee:
Hookie, hookie, we haue shorne and we haue bound,
And we haue brought harneſt home to towne.*

Will Summer. Well, go thy waies, thou bundle of ſtraw; Ile giue thee this gift, thou ſhalt be a Clowne while thou liu'ſt. As luſtie as they are, they run on the ſcore with Georges wiſe for their poſſet, and God knowes who ſhal pay goodman Yecomans, for his wheat ſheafe: they may ſing well enough, Trowle the blacke bowle to mee, trowle the blacke bowle to mee: for, a hundreth to one, but they will bee all drunke, e're they goe to bedde: yet, of a ſlaueing foole, that hath no conceyte in any thing, but in carrying a wand in his hand, with commendation when he runneth by the high way ſide, this ſtripling *Harneſt* hath done reaſonable well. O that ſome bodie had had the wit to ſet his thatcht ſuite on fire, and ſo lighted him out: If I had had but a Iet ring on my finger, I might haue done with him what I liſt; I had ſpoild him, I had tooke his apparrell priſoner; for it being made of ſtraw, & the nature of Iet, to draw ſtraw vnto it, I would haue nailde him to the pommell of my chaire, till the play were done, and then haue carried him to my chamber dore, and laide him at the threshold as a wiſpe, or a piece of mat, to wipe my ſhooes on, euerie time I come vp durtie.

Summer. *Vertumnus*, call *Bacchus*.

Vertum. *Bacchus*, *Baccha*, *Bacchum*, god *Bacchus*, god fat backe, Barõ of dubble beere, and bottle ale, come in & ſhew thy noſe that is nothing pale: backe, backe there, god barrell-bellie may enter.

Enter Bacchus riding vpon an Aſſe trapt in Iuie, himſelfe dreſt in Vine leaues, and a garland of grapes on his head: his companions hauing all Iacks in their hands, and Iuie garlands on their heads; they come in ſinging.

and Testament.

The Song.

Monsieur Mingo, for quaffing doth surpasse,

In Cuppe, in Canne, or glasse.

God Bacchus doe mee right,

And dubbe mee knight Domingo.

Bacchus. Wherefore didst thou call mee, *Vertumnus*? hast any drinke to giue mee? One of you hold my Asle while I light; walke him vp and downe the hall, till I talke a word or two.

Summer. What, *Bacchus*? still *animus in patinis*, no mind but on the pot?

Bacchus. Why, *Summer*, *Summer*, how would'st doe, but for rayne? What is a faire houle without water comming to it? Let mee see how a smith can worke, if hee haue not his trough standing by him. What sets an edge on a knife? the grindstone alone? no, the meyste element powr'd vpo it, which grinds out all gaps, sets a poynt vpon it, & scowres it as bright as the firmament. So, I tell thee, giue a soldier wine before he goest to battaile, it grinds out all gaps, it makes him forget all fearres and wounds, and fight in the thickest of his enemies, as though hee were but at foyles, amongst his fellows. Giue a scholler wine, going to his booke, or being about to inuent, it sets a new poynt on his wit, it glazeth it, it scowres it, it giues him *acumen*. *Plato* saith, *vinum esse somitem quedam, et incitabilem ingenij virtutisque*. *Aristotle* saith, *Nulla est magna scientia absque mixtura dementie*. There is no excellent knowledge without mixture of madnesse. And what makes a man more madde in the head then wine? *Qui bene vult poyein, debet ante pinyen*, He that will doe well, must drinke well. *Prome, prome, potum pro me*: Ho butler, a fresh pot. *Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero terra pulsanda*: a pox on him that leaues his drinke behinde him; hey *Rendonow*.

Summer. It is wines custome, to be full of words.

I pray thee, *Bacchus*, giue vs *vicissitudinem loquendi*.

Bacchus. A fiddlesticke, ne're tell me I am full of words. *Fecundi calices, quem non fecere desertum*: ant epi, ant abi, cyther

Summers last will

take your drinke, or you are an infidell.

Summer. I would about thy vintage question thee :
How thrue thy vines? hadst thou good store of grapes?

Bac. *Vinum quasi venenum*, wine is poyson to a sicke body; a sick body is no sound body; *Ergo*, wine is a pure thing, & is poyson to all corruption. Try-lill, the hūters hoope to you: ile stand to it, *Alexander* was a braue man, and yet an arrant drunkard.

Winter. Fye, drunken sot, forget't thou where thou art?
My Lord askes thee, what vintage thou hast made?

Bac. Our vintage, was a vintage, for it did not work vpon the aduantage, it came in the vauntgard of Summer, & winds and stormes met it by the way, and made it cry, Alas and welladay.

Summer. That was not well, but all miscaried not?

Bac. Faith, shal I tel you no lye? Because you are my couñtryman, & so forth, & a good fellow, is a good fellow, though he haue neuer a penny in his purse: We had but euen pot luck, a little to moysten our lips, and no more. That saue *Sol*, is a Pagan, and a Profelite, hee thinde so bright all summer, that he burnd more grapes, then his beames were worth, were euery beame as big as a weauers beame. *A fabis abstinendum*; faith, he shuld haue abstaind; for what is flesh & blud without his liquor?

Autumne. Thou want't no liquor, nor no flesh and bloud,
I pray thee may I aske without offence?

How many tunnes of wine hast in thy paunch?

Me thinks, that, built like a round church,
Should yet haue some of Iulius Cæsars wine:

I warrant, 'twas not broacht this hundred yere.

Bacchus. Hear'st, thou dow-belly, because thou talkst, and talkst, & dar'st not drinke to me a black Iack, wilt thou giue me leaue, to broach this little kilderkin of my corps, against thy backe? I know thou art but a mycher, & dar'st not stand me. *A*

kes vous, mouſien Winter, a frolick vpsy treeſe, croſſe. ho, *super nagulū.*

lacke Winter. Grammercy, Bacchus, as much as though I did.

bis For this time thou must pardon me perforce.

be. *Bacchus.* What, giue me the disgrace? Goe to, I say, I am no Pope, to pardō any man. *Ran, ran, tarra*, cold beere makes good bloud.

and Testament.

bloud, S. George for Englād: somewhat is better then nothing.
 Let me see, halt thou done me iustice? why so: thou art a king,
 though there were no more kings in the cards but the knaue.
 Summer, wilt thou haue a demy culuering, that shall cry husty
 tusty, and make thy cup flye fine meale in the Element?

Summer. No, keepe thy drinke, I pray thee, to thy selfe.

Bacchus. This *Pupillonian* in the fooles coate, shall haue a cast
 of martins, & a whiffe. To the health of Captaine *Rinocerotry*:
 looke to it, let him haue weight and measure.

Will Summer. What an asle is this? I cannot drinke so much,
 though I should burst.

Bacchus. Foole, doe not refuse your moyst sustenance; come,
 come, dogs head in the pot, doe what you are borne to.

Will Summer. If you will needs make me a drunkard against
 my will, so it is, ile try what burthen my belly is of.

Bacchus. Crouch, crouch on your knees, foole, when you
 pledge god *Bacchus*.

Here Will Summer drinks, & they sing about him. Bacchus begins.

All. *Monsieur Mingo for quaffing did surpasse,*
In Cup, in Can, or glasse.

Bacchus. Ho, wel ihot, a tatcher, a tatcher: for quaffing *Toy*
 doth passe, in cup, in canne, or glasse.

All. *God Bacchus doe him right, and dubbe him knight.*

Bac. Rise vp Sir Robert Toisopot. *Here he dubs Will Summer*

Sum. No more of this, I hate it to the death. *with the black*

No such deformer of the soule and sence, *lacke.*

As is this swynish damu'd-borne drunkennes,

Bacchus, for thou abusest so earths fruits,

Imprised liue in cellars and in vawtes,

Let none commit their counsels vnto thee:

Thy wrath be fatall to thy dearest friends,

Vnarmed runne vpon thy foemens swords,

Neuer feare any plague, before it fall:

Dropsies, and watry tympanies haunt thee,

Thy lungs with surfeting be putrified,

To cause thee haue an odious stinking breath,

Slauer and driuell like a child at mouth,

Summers last will

Bee poore and beggerly in thy old age,
Let thy owne kinsmen laugh, when thou complaynst,
And many teares gayne nothing but blind scoffes.
This is the guerdon due to drunkennes;
Shame, sicknes, misery, followe excesse.

Bacchus. Now on my honor, Sim Summer, thou art a bad member, a Dunse, a mungrell, to discredit so worshipfull an arte after this order. Thou hast curst me, and I will blesse thee: Neuer cup of *Nipitay* in London, come neere thy niggardly habitation. I beseech the gods of good fellowship, thou maist fall into a consumption with drinking smal beere. Euery day maist thou eate fish, and let it sticke in the midst of thy maw, for want of a cup of wine to swim away in. Venison be *Venum* to thee: & may that Vintner haue the plague in his house, that sels thee a drop of claret to kill the poyson of it. As many wounds maist thou haue, as *Cesar* had in the Senate house, and get no white wine to wash them with: And to conclude, pine away in melancholy and sorrow, before thou hast the fourth part of a dramme of my Iuice to cheare vp thy spirits.

Summer. Hale him away, he barketh like a wolfe,
It is his drinke, not hee that rayles on vs.

Bacchus. Nay soft, brother Summer, back with that foote, here is a snuffe in the bottome of the Iack, inough to light a man to bed withall, wee'le leaue no flocks behind vs whatsoever wee doe.

Summer. Go dragge him hence I say when I commaund.

Bacchus. Since we must needs goe, let's goe merrily.
Farewell, sir Robert Toffe-pot: sing amayne, *Monsieur Myngo*, whilest I mount vp my Ass.

Here they goe out singing, Monsieur Myngo, as they came in.

Will Summer. Of all gods, this *Bacchus* is the ill-fauourd' st misshapen god that euer I sawe. A poxe on him, he hath cristned me with a newe nickname of sir Robert Toffe-pot, that will not part frō me this twelmonth. Ned fooles clothes are so persumde with the beere he powrd on me, that there shall not be a Dutchinā within 20, mile, but he'le smel out & claime kindred
of

and Testament.

of him. What a beastly thing is it, to bottle vp ale in a mā's belly, whē a man must set his guts on a gallō pot last, only to purchase the alehouse title of a *boone companion*? Carowse, pledge me and you dare: S' wounds, ile drinke with thee for all that euer thou art worth. It is euē as 2. men should strue who should run furthest into the sea for a wager. Me thinkes these are good household termes; Wil it please you to be here, sir? I cōmend me to you: shall I be so bold as trouble you? sauing your tale I drinke to you. And if these were put in practise but a yeare. or two in tauernes, wine would soone fall from six and twentie pound a tunne, and be beggers money, a penie a quart, and take vp his Inne with wast beere in the almes tub. I am a sinner as others: I must not say much of this argument. Euerie one when hee is whole, can giue aduice to them that are sicke. My masters, you that be good fellowes, get you into corners, and soupe off your prouender closely: report hath a blister on her tongue: open tauerns are tel-tales. *Non peccat, quicumq; potest peccasse negare.*

Summer. Ile call my seruants to account said I:
A bad account: worſe seruants no man hath.
Quos credis fidos effuge, tutus eris:
The prouerbe I haue prou'd to be too true,
Totidem domi hostes habemus, quot seruos.
And that wise caution of *Democritus*,
Seruus necessaria possessio, non autem dulcis:
Nowhere fidelitie and labour dwels.
Hope, yong heads count to build on had I wist.
Conscience but few respect, all hunt for gaine:
Except the Cammell haue his prouender
Hung at his mouth, he will not trauell on.
Fyresias to *Narcissus* promised
Much prosperous hap, and many golden daies,
If of his beautie he no knowledge tooke.
Knowledge breeds pride, pride breedeth discontent.
Blacke discontent, thou vrgeſt to reuenge.
Reuenge opes not her eares to poore mens praiers.
That dolt destruction, is she without doubt,

Summers last will

That haies her foorth and feedeth her with nought,
Simplicite and plainnesse, you I loue:
Hence double diligence, thou mean'st deceit.
Those that now serpent-like creepe on the ground,
And seeme to eate the dust, they crouch so low:
If they be disappointed of their pray,
Most traiterously will trace their tailes and sting.
Yea, such as like the Lapwing build their nests
In a mans dung, come vp by drudgerie,
Will be the first, that like that foolish bird,
Will follow him with yelling and false cries.
Well sung a shepheard (that now sleepest in skies)
Dumbe swaines do loue, & not vaine chattering pies.
In mountaines Poets say Eccho is hid,
For her deformitie and monstrous shape:
Those mountaines are the houses of great Lords,
Where Scenter with his hundreth voices sounds
A hundreth trumps at once with rumor fild:
A woman they imagine her to be,
Because that sexe keepes nothing close they heare:
And that's the reason magicke writers frame,
There are more witches women then of men;
For women generally for the most part,
Of secrets more desirous of, then men,
Which hauing got, they haue no power to hold.
In these times had Echoes first fathers liu'd,
No woman, but a man she had beene faind.
(Though women yet will want no newes to prate.)
For men (meane men) the skumme & drossie of all,
Will talke and babble of they know not what,
Vpbraid, deprauie, and taunt, they care not whom:
Surmises passe for sound approued truthes:
Familiaritie and conference,
That were the sinewes of societies,
Are now for vnderminings onely vsde,
And nouell wits, that loue none but themselues;

Thinke

Thinke wife domes height as falshood slyly couch't,
 Seeking each other to o'rethrow his mate.
 O friendship, thy old temple is defac't.
 Embrasing euery guilefull curtisie,
 Hath ouergrown e fraud-wanting honestie.
 Examples liue but in the idle schooles:
Sinon beares all the sway in princes courts:
 Sicknes, be thou my soules phisition:
 Bring the Apothecarie death with thee.
 In earth is hell, true hell felicitie,
 Compared with this world the den of wolues.

Aut. My Lord, you are too passionate without cause.

Winter. Grieue not for that which cannot be recal'd:

Is it your seruants carelesnesse you plaine,
Tullie by one of his owne slaues was slaine.
 The husbandman close in his bosome nurst:
 A subtile snake, that after wrought his bane.

Autumne. *Sernos fideles liberalius facit:*

Where on the contrarie, *seruitusem*:
 Those that attend vpon illiberall Lords,
 Whose couetize yeelds nought els but faire lookes,
 Euen of those faire lookes make their gainfull vic.
 For as in *Ireland* and in *Denmark*: both
 Witches for gold will sell a man a wind,
 Which in the corner of a napkin wrapt,
 Shall blow him safe vnto what coast he will:
 So make ill seruants sale of their Lords wind,
 Which wrapt vp in a piece of parchament,
 Blowes many a knaue forth danger of the law.

Summer. Inough of this, let me go make my will;

Ah it is made, although I hold my peace,
 These two will share betwixt them what I haue,
 The surest way to get my will perform'd,
 Is to make my executour my heire:
 And he, if all be giuen him and none els,
 Vnfallibly will see it well perform'd.

Summers last will

Lyons will feed, though none bid them go to.
Ill growes the tree affordeth ne're a graft.
Had I some issue to sit in my throne, (grone.
My grieve would die, death should not heare mee
But when perforce, these must enjoy my wealth,
Which thanke me not, but enter't as a pray,
Bequeath'd it is not, but cleane cast away.

Autumne, be thou successor of my seat:
Hold, take my crowne: looke how he graspes for it,
Thou shalt not haue it yet: but hold it too;
Why should I keep that needs I must forgo?

Winter. Then (dutie laid aside) you do me wrong:
I am more worthie of it farre then he.
He hath no skill nor courage for to rule,
A weather-beaten banckrout asse it is,
That scatters and consumeth all he hath:
Eche one do plucke from him without controll.
He is nor hot nor cold, a fillie foule,
That faine would please eche party, if so he might.
He and the spring are schollers fauourites.
What schollers are, what thriftles kind of men,
Your selfe be iudge, and iudge of him by them.
When Cerberus was headlong drawne from hell,
He voided a blacke poison from his mouth,
Called *Aconitum*, whereof inke was made:
That inke with reeds first laid on dried barks,
Seru'd men a while to make rude workes withall,
Till *Hermes*, secretarie to the Gods,
Or *Hermes Trismegistus* as some will,
Wearie with graving in blind characters,
And figures of familiar beasts and plants,
Inuented letters to write lies withall.
In them he pend the fables of the Gods,
The gyants warre, and thousand tales besides.
After eche nation got these toys in vse,
There grew vp certaine drunken parasites,

Term'd

and Testament.

Term'd Poets, which for a meales meat or two,
Would promite monarchs immortalitie:
They vomited in verse all that they knew,
Found causes and beginnings of the world,
Fetcht pedegrees of mountaines and of foulds,
From men and women whom the Gods transform'd:
If any towne or citie, they pass'd by,
Had in compassion (thinking them mad men)
Forborne to whip them, or imprison them,
That citie was not built by humane hands,
T'was raisde by musique, like Megara walles,
Apollo, poets patron founded it,
Because they found one sitting fauour there:
Musæus, Lynus, Homer, Orpheus,
Were of this trade, and thereby wonne their fame.

Will. Summer. Fama malum, quo non velocius ullum.

Winter. Next them, a company of ragged knaues,
Sun-bathing beggers, lazie hedge-creepers,
Sleeping face vpwards in the fields all night,
Dream'd strange deuices of the Sunne and Moone,
And they like Gipsies wandring vp and downe,
Told fortunes, iuggled, nicknam'd all the starres,
And were of idiots term'd Philosophers:
Such was Pithagoras the silencer,
Prometheus, Thales, Milesius,
Who would all things of water should be made:
Anaximander, Anaximenes,
That positiuely said the aire was God;
Zenocrates, that said there were eight Gods:
And Cratoniates, Alcmeon too,
Who thought the Sun and Moone, & stars were gods:
The poorer sort of them that could get nought,
Profest, like beggerly Franciscan Friers,
And the strict order of the Caponchins,
A voluntarie wretched pouertie,
Contempt of gold, thin fare, and lying hard:

Summers last will

Yet he that was most vehement in these,
Diogenes the Cinicke and the Dogge,
Was taken coyning money in his Cell.

Wth Summer. What an olde Assc was that? Me thinks, hee
should haue coynde Carret rootes rather: for as for money, he
had no vse for, except it were to melt, and soder vp holes in
his tub withall.

Winter. It were a whole *Olimpiades* worke to tell,
How many diuillish, *ergo* armed arts,
Sprung all as vices, of this Idleneffe:
For euen as souldiers not imployde in warres,
But liuing loofely in a quiet state,
Not hauing wherewithall to maintaine pride,
Nay scarce to finde their bellies any foode,
Nought but walke melancholie, and deuise
How they may couzen Marchants, fleece young heires,
Creepe into fauour by betraying men,
Robbe churches, beg waste toyes, court city dames,
Who shall vndoe their husbands for their sakes:
The baser rabble how to cheate and steale,
And yet be free from penaltie of death.
So those word-warriers, lazy star-gazers,
Vfde to no labour, but to lowze themselues,
Had their heads fild with coosning fantasies,
They plotted how to make their pouertie,
Better esteemde of, then high Soueraignty:
They thought how they might plant a heauē on earth,
Whereof they would be principall lowe gods,
That heauen they called Contemplation,
As much to say, as a most pleasant slouth,
Which better I cannot compare then this,
That if a fellow licensed to beg,
Should all his life time go from faire to faire,
And buy gape-seede, hauing no businesse else.
That contemplation like an aged weede,
Engendred thousand sects, and all those sects

Were

and Testament.

Were but as these times, cunning shrowded rogues,
Grammarians some: and wherein differ they
From beggers, that professe the Pedlers French &
The Poets next, slouinly tattered slaues,
That wander, and sell Ballets in the streetes.
Historiographers others there be,
And the like lazars by the high way side,
That for a penny, or a halfe-penny,
Will call each knaue a good fac'd Gentleman,
Giue honor vnto Tinkers, for good Ale,
Preferre a Cobler fore the Black prince farre,
If he bestowe but blacking of their shooes:
And as it is the Spittle-houses guise,
Ouer the gate to write their founders names,
Or on the outside of their walles at least,
In hope by their examples others mou'd,
Will be more bountifull and liberall,
So in the forefront of their Chronicles,
Or *Peroratione operis*,
They learnings benefactors reckon vp,
Who built this colledge, who gaue that Free-schoole,
What King or Queene aduaunced Schollers most,
And in their times what writers flourished;
Rich men and magistrates whilest yet they liue,
They flatter palpably, in hope of gayne.
Smooth-tounged Orators, the fourth in place,
Lawyers, our common-wealth intitles them,
Meere swash-bucklers, and ruffianly mates,
That will for twelue pence make a doughtie fray,
Set men for strawes together by the eares.
Skie measuring Mathematicians;
Golde-breathing Alcumists also we haue,
Both which are subtill witted humorists,
That get their meales by telling miracles,
Which they haue seene in traouailing the skies,
Vaine boasters, lyers, make-shifts, they are all,

Summers last will

Men that remoued from their inkehorne termes,
Bring forth no action worthie of their bread.
What should I speake of pale physicians?
Who as *Fismenus non nasatus* was,
(Vpon a wager that his friends had laid)
Hir'de to liue in a priuie a whole yeare:
So are they hir'de for lucre and for gaine,
All their whole life to smell on excrements,

Wil. Summer. Very true, for I haue heard it for a prouerbe
many a time and oft, *Hunc os fatidum*, sah, he stinkes like a phi-
sicion.

Winter. Innumerable monstrous practises,
Hath loytring contemplation brought forth more,
Which t'were too long particular to recite:
Suffice they all conduce vnto this end,
To banish labour, nourish slothfulnesse,
Pamper vp lust, deuise newfangled sinnes.
Nay I will iustifie there is no vice,
Which learning and vilde knowledge brought not in,
Or in whose praise some learned haue not wrote.
The arte of murther Machiauel hath pend:
Whoredome hath Ouid to vphold her throne:
And Aretine of late in Italie,
Whose *Cortigiana* toucheth bawdes their trade.
Gluttonie Epicurus doth defend,
And bookes of th'arte of cookerie confirme:
Of which Platina hath not writ the least,
Drunkennesse of his good behauiour
Hath testimoniall from where he was borne:
That pleasant worke *de arte bibendi*,
A drunken Dutchman spued out few yeares since:
Nor wanteth sloth (although sloths plague bee want)
His paper pillers for to leane vpon,
The praise of nothing pleades his worthinesse.
Follie Erasmus sets a flourish on,
For baldnesse, a bald asse, I haue forgot,

Patcht vp a pamphletarie periwigge.
 Slouenrie Grobianus magnifieth:
 Sodomitic a Cardinall commends,
 And Aristotle necessarie deemes.
 In brieft all bookes, diuinitie except,
 Are nought but tales of the diuels lawes,
 Poyson wrapt vp in sugred words,
 Mans pride, damnations props, the worlds abuse:
 Then censure (good my Lord) what bookemen are
 If they be pestilent members in a state;
 He is vnfit to sit at sterne of state,
 That fauours such as will o'rethrow his state:
 Blest is that gouernment where no arte thrives,
Vox populi, vox Dei:
 The vulgars voice, it is the voice of God.
 Yet Tully saith, *Non est consilium in vulgo, non ratio, non discrimen,*
non differentia:
 The vulgar haue no learning, wit, nor sence.
 Themistocles hauing spent all his time
 In studie of Philosophie and artes,
 And noting well the vanitie of them,
 Wisht with repentance, for his follie past,
 Some would teach him th'arte of obliuion,
 How to forget the arts that he had learnd.
 And Cicero, whom we alleadg'd before,
 (As saith Valerius) stepping into old age,
 Despised learning, lothed eloquence.
 Naso, that could speake nothing but pure verse,
 And had more wit then words to vtter it,
 And words as choise as euer Poet had,
 Cride and exclaimde in bitter agonie,
 When knowledge had corrupted his chaste mind,
Discite qui sapitis non hac que scimus inertes,
Sed trepidas acies, & fera bella sequi.
 You that be wise, and euer meane to thrine,
 O studie not these toyes we sluggards vse,

Summers last will

But follow armes, and waite on barbarous warres.
Young men, yong boyes, beware of Schoolemasters,
They will infect you, marre you, bleare your eyes:
They seeke to lay the curse of God on you,
Namely confusion of languages,
Wherewith those that the towre of *Babel* built,
Accursed were in the worldes infancie.
Latin, it was the speech of Infidels.
Logique hath nought to say in a true cause.
Philosophie is curiositie:
And *Socrates* was therefore put to death,
Onely for he was a Philosopher:
Abhorre, contemne, despise, these damned snares.

Will Summer. Out vpon it, who would be a Scholler? not I,
I promise you: my minde alwayes gaue me, this learning was
such a filthy thing, which made me hate it so as I did: when I
should haue beene at schoole, construing *Batte, mi fili, mi fili, mi*
Batte, I was close vnder a hedge, or vnder a barne wall, playing
at spanne Counter, or Iacke in a boxe: my master beat me,
my father beat me, my mother gaue me bread and butter, yet
all this would not make me a squitter-booke. It was my desti-
nie, I thanke her as a most courteous goddesse, that shee hath
not cast me away vpon gibridge. O, in what a mightie vaine
am I now against Horne-bookes! Here before all this compa-
nie, I professe my selfe an open enemy to Inke and paper. Ile
make it good vpon the Accidence body, that In speech is the
diuels Pater noster: Nownes and Pronounes, I pronounce
you as traitors to boyes buttookes, Syntaxis and Profodia, you
are tormenters of wit, & good for nothing but to get a schoole-
master two pence a weeke. Hang copies, flye out phrase books,
let pennes be turnd to picktooths: bowles, cards & dice, you are
the true liberal sciēces, Ile ne're be Goosequill, gentlemē, while

Sumer. Winter, with patience vnto my grieffe, (*Iliuc.*
I haue attended thy inuectiue tale:
So much vntrueth wit neuer shadowed:
Gainst her owne bowels thou Arts weapons turn' st:

Let

and Testament.

Let none belecue thee, that will euer chriue:
 Words haue their course, the winde blowes where it lists;
 He erres alone, in error that persists.
 For thou gainst *Autumne* such exceptions tak'it,
 I graunt, his ouer-seer thou shalt be,
 His treasurer, protector, and his staffe,
 He shall do nothing without thy consent;
 Prouide thou for his weale, and his content.

Winter. Thanks, gracious Lord: so Ile dispose of him,
 As it shall not repent you of your gift.

Autumne. On such conditions no crowne will I take.
 I challenge *Winter* for my enemy,
 A most insatiate miserable carle,
 That, to fill vp his garners to the brim,
 Cares not how he indammageth the earth:
 What pouerty he makes it to indure!
 He ouer-bars the christall streames with yce,
 That none but he and his may drinke of them:
 All for a fowle *Back-winter* he layes vp;
 Hard craggie wayes, and vncouth slippery paths
 He frames, that passengers may slide and fall:
 Who quaketh not, that heareth but his name?
 O, but two sonnes he hath, worse then himselfe,
Christmas the one, a pinch-back, cut-throate churle,
 That keepes no open house, as he should do,
 Delighteth in no game or fellowship,
 Loues no good deeds, and hateth talke,
 But sitteth in a corner turning Crabbes,
 Or coughing o're a warmed pot of Ale:
Back-winter th' other, that's his none sweet boy,
 Who like his father taketh in all points,
 An else it is, compact of enuious pride,
 A miscreant, borne for a plague to men.
 A monster, that deuoureth all he meetes:
 Were but his father dead, so he would raigne:
 Yea he would go goodneere, to deale by him,

Summers last will

As *Nabuchodonozor* vngratiouſſonne,
Enlmerodach by his father dealt:
Who, when his fire was turned to an Oxe,
Full greedily ſnatcht vp his ſoueraignrie,
And thought himſelfe a king without controwle,
So it fell out, ſeuē yeares expir'de and gone,
Nabuchodonozor came to his ſhape againe,
And diſpoſſett him of the regiment:
Which my young prince no little greeuing at,
When that his father ſhortly after dide,
Fearing leſt he ſhould come from death againe,
As he came from an Oxe to be a man,
Wil'd that his body ſpoylde of couerture,
Should be caſt forth into the open fieldes,
For Birds and Rauens, to deuoure at will,
Thinking if they bare euery one of them,
A bill full of his fleſh into their neſts,
He would not riſe, to trouble him in haſte.

Will Summer. A vertuous ſonne, and Ile lay my life on't, he
was a Caualiere and a good fellow.

Winter. Pleaſeth your honor, all he ſayes, is falſe.
For my owne part I loue good husbandrie,
But hate diſhonourable couetize.
Youth ne're aſpires to vertues perfect growth,
Till his wilde oates be ſowne: and ſo the earth,
Vntill his weeds be rotted, with my froſts,
Is not for any ſeede, or tillage fit.
He muſt be purged that hath ſurſeited:
The fieldes haue ſurſeited with Summer fruites,
They muſt be purg'd, made poore, oppreſt with ſnow,
Ere they recouer their decayed pride,
For ouerbarring of the ſtreames with Ice.
Who locks not poyſon from his childrens taſte:
When Winter raignes, the water is ſo colde,
That it is poyſon, preſent death to thoſe
That waſh, or bathe their lims, in his colde ſtreames.

and Testament.

The slipperier that wayes are vnder vs,
The better it makes vs to heed our steps,
And looke e're we presume too rashly on:
If that my sonnes haue misbehau'd themselues,
A Gods name let them answer't fore my Lord.

Autumne. Now I beseech your honor it may be so.

Summer. With all my heart: *Vertumnus*, go for them.

Wil Summer. This same *Harry Baker* is such a necessary fellow to go on arrants, as you shall not finde in a country. It is pittie but he should haue another siluer arrow, if it be but for crossing the stage, with his cap on.

Summer. To wearie ourth: time vntill they come,
Sing me some dolefull ditty to the Lute,
That may complaine my neere approaching death.

The Song.

*Adieu, farewell earths blisse,
This world vncertaine is,
Fond are lifes lustfull ioyes,
Death proues them all but toyes,
None from his darts can flye,
I am sick, I must dye.*

Lord haue mercy on vs.

*Rich men, trust not in wealth,
Gold cannot buy you health,
Phisick himselfe must fade.
All things, to end are made,
The plague full swift goes hye,
I am sick, I must dye,*

Lord haue mercy on vs.

Summers last will

Beauty is but a flowre,
Which wrinckles will deuoure,
Brightnesse falls from the ayre,
Queenes haue died yong, and faire,
Dust bath closde Helens eye.
I am sick, I must dye,

Lord haue mercy on vs.

Strength stoopes vnto the graue,
Wormes feed on Hector braue,
Swords may not fight with fate,
Earth still holds ope her gate,
Come, come, the hells do crye.
I am sick, I must dye,

Lord haue mercy on vs.

Wit with his wantonnesse,
Tasteth deaths bitternesse,
Hels executioner,
Hath no eares for to heare,
What vaine art can reply.
I am sick, I must dye,

Lord haue mercy on vs.

Haste therefore eche degree,
To welcome destiny:
Heauen is our heritage,
Earth but a players stage,

and Testament.

Mount wee vnto the sky.

I am sick, I must dye,

Lord haue mercy on vs.

Summer. Beshrew mee, but thy song hath moued mee.

Will Summer. Lord haue mercy on vs, how lamentable 'tis!

Enter Vertumnus with Christmas

and Backwinter.

Vertumnus. I haue dispatcht, my Lord, I haue brought you them you sent mee for.

Will Summer. What saist thou? hast thou made a good batch? I pray thee giue mee a new loafe.

Summer. Christmas, how chaunce thou com'st not as the rest, Accompanied with some musique, or some song? A merry Carroll would haue gract thee well, Thy ancestors haue vs'd it heretofore.

Christmas. I, antiquity was the mother of ignorance; this latter world that sees but with her spectacles, hath spied a pad in those sports more then they could.

Summer. What, is't against thy conscience for to sing?

Christmas. No nor to say, by my troth, if I may get a good bargaine.

Summer. Why, thou should'st spend, thou should'st not care to get. Christmas is god of hospitality.

Christmas. So will he neuer be of good husbandry. I may say to you, there is many an old god, that is now growne out of fashion. So is the god of hospitality.

Summer. What reason canst thou giue he should be left?

Christmas. No other reason, but that Gluttony is a sinne, & too many dunghils are infectious. A mans belly was not made for a poudring beefe tub: to feede the poore twelue dayes, & let them starue all the yeare after, would but stretch out the guts wider then they should be, & so make famine a bigger den in their bellies, then he had before. I should kill an ox, & haue some such fellow as *Milo* to come and eate it vp at a mouth-full.

Summers last will

Or like the *Sybarites*, do nothing all one yeare, but bid ghestes against the next yeare. The scraping of trenchers you thinke would put a man to no charges. It is not a hundreth pound a yeare would serue the scullions in dishclouts. My house stands vpon vaults, it will fall if it be ouer-loden with a multitude. Besides, haue you neuer read of a city that was vnderminde and destroyed by Mowles? So, say I keepe hospitalitie, and a whole faire of beggers bid me to dinner euery day, what with making legges, when they thanke me at their going away, and setting their wallets hand somly on their backes, they would shake as many lice on the ground, as were able to vndermine my house, and vndoe me vtterly! It is their prayers would builde it againe, if it were ouerthrowne by this vermine, would it? I pray, who begun feasting, and gourmandize first, but *Sardanapalus*, *Nero*, *Heliogabalus*, *Commodus*, tyrants, whoremasters, vnthrifts? Some call them Emperours, but I respect no crownes, but crownes in the purse. Any mā may weare a siluer crowne, that hath made a fray in Smithfield, & lost but a peece of his braine pan. And to tell you plaine, your golden crownes are little better in substance, and many times got after the same sort.

Summer. Grosse-headed sot, how light he makes of state!

Autumne. Who treadeth not on stars when they are fallen?
Who talketh not of states, when they are dead?

A foole conceits no further then he sees,
He hath no scence of ought, but what he feeles.

Christmas. I, I, such wise men as you, come to begge at such
fooles doores as we be.

Autumne. Thou shutst thy dore, how should we beg of thee?
No almes but thy sincke carries from thy house.

Wil Summer. And I can tell you, that's as plentifull almes for
the plague, as the sheriffes tub to them of Newgate.

Autumne. For tealts thou keepest none, cankers thou feedst
The wormes will curse thy flesh another day,
Because it yeeldeth them no fatter pray.

Christmas. What wormes do another day I care not, but Ile
be sworne vpon a whole Kilderkin of single Beere, I will not
haue

and Testament.

haue a worme-eaten nose like a Pursuant, while I liue. Feasts are but puffing vp of the flesh, the purueyers for diseases, trauell, cost, time ill spent. O, it were a trim thing to send, as the *Romanes* did, round about the world for prouision for one banquet. I must rigge ships to *Samos* for Peacocks, to *Paphos* for Pigeons, to *Austria* for Oysters, to *Phasis* for Pheasants, to *Arabia* for Phoenixes, to *Meander* for Swans, to the *Orcades* for Geese, to *Pbrigia* for Woodcocks, to *Malta* for Cranes, to the Isle of Man for Puffins, to *Ambracia* for Goates, to *Tartole* for Lampreys, to *Egypt* for Dates, to *Spaine* for Chestnuts, and all for one feast.

Wil Summer. O sir, you need not, you may buy them at London better cheape.

Christmas. *Liberalitas liberalitate perit*, loue me a little and loue me long: our feete must haue wherewithall to feede the stones, our backs walles of wooll to keepe out the colde that besiegeth our warme blood, our doores must haue barres, our dubblets must haue buttons. Item, for an olde sword to scrape the stones before the dore with, three halfe-pence for stitching a wodden tanckard that was burst. These Water-bearers will empty the conduit and a mans coffers at once. Not a Porter that brings a man a letter, but will haue his penny. I am afraid to keepe past one or two seruants, least hungry knaues they should rob me: and those I keepe, I warrant I do not pamper vp too lusty, I keepe them vnder with red Herring and poore Iohn all the yeare long. I haue dambd vp all my chimnies for teare (though I burne nothing but small cole) my house should be set on fire with the smoake. I will not deny, but once in a dozen yeare when there is a great rot of sheepe, and I know not what to do with them, I keepe open house for all the beggers, in some of my out-yardes, marry they must bring bread with them, I am no Baker.

Wil Summer. As good men as you, and haue thought no scorne to serue their prentiships on the pillory.

Summer. Winter, is this thy sonne? hear't he how he talks?

Winter. I am his father, therefore may not speake,

Summers last will

But otherwise I could excuse his fault.

Summer. Christmas, I tell thee plaine, thou art a snudge,

And wert not that we loue thy father well,

Thou shouldst haue felt, what longs to Auarice.

It is the honor of Nobility,

To keepe high dayes and solemne festiuals :

Then, to set their magnificence to view,

To frolick open with their favorites,

And vse their neighbours with all curtesie,

When thou in huggar mugger spend'st thy wealth.

Amend thy maners, breathe thy rusty gold :

Bounty will win thee loue, when thou art old.

Wil Summer. I, that bounty would I faine meete, to borrow money of, he is fairely blest now a dayes, that scapes blowes when he begges. *Verba dandi & reddendi*, goe together in the Grammer rule : there is no giuing but with condition of restoring; ah *Benedicite*, well is he hath no necessitie of gold ne of sustenance; slowe good hap comes by chance; flattery best fares; Arts are but idle wares; faire words want giuing hāds; the Lēto begs that hath no lands; fie on thee thou scuruy knaue, that hast nought, and yet goest braue; a prison be thy death bed, or be hangd all faue the head.

Summer. Back-winter, stand forth.

Vertum. Stand forth, stand forth, hold vp your head, speak out.

Back-winter. What, should I stand? or whether, should I go?

Summer. Autumne accuseth thee of sundry crimes,
Which heere thou art to cleare, or to confesse.

Back-winter. With thee, or Autumne, haue I nought to do :
I would you were both hangd face to face.

Summer. Is this the reuerence that thou ow'st to vs?

Back-winter. Why not? what art thou?

Shalt thou alwayes liue?

Autumne. It is the veriest Dog in Christendome.

Winter. That's for he barks at such a knaue as thou.

Back-winter. Would I could barke the sunne out of the sky,
Turne Moone and starres to frozen Meteors,

And

and Testament.

And make the Ocean a dry land of Yce,
With tempest of my breath, turne vp high trees,
On mountaines heape vp second mounts of snowe,
Which melted into water, might fall downe,
As fell the deluge on the former world.

I hate the ayre, the fire, the Spring, the yeare,
And what so e're brings mankinde any good.
O that my lookes were lightning to blast fruites!
Would I with thunder presently might dye,
So I might speake in thunder, to slay men.

Earth, if I cannot iniure thee enough,
Ile bite thee with my teeth, Ile scratch thee thus,
Ile beate downe the partition with my heeles,
Which as a mud-vault seuers hell and thee.

Spirits, come vp, 'tis I that knock for you,
One that enuies the world, farre more then you:
Come vp in millions, millions are to few,
To execute the malice I intend.

Summer. O scelus inauditum, O vox damnatorum!
Not raging *Hecuba*, whose hollow eyes
Gaue sucke to fiftie sorrowes at one time,
That midwife to so many murders was,
Vide halfe the execrations that thou doost.

Back-winter. More I wil vse, if more I may preuaile:
Back-winter comes but seldome foorth abroad,
But when he comes, he pincheth to the prooffe;
Winter is milde, his sonne is rough and sterne.
Ouid could well write of my tyranny,
When he was banisht to the frozen Zoane.

Summer. And banisht be thou frō my fertile bounds.
Winter, imprison him in thy darke Cell,
Or with the windes, in bellowing caues of brasse,
Let sterne *Hipporatos* locke him vp safe,
Ne're to peepe foorth, but when thou faint and weake
Want'st him to ayde thee in thy regiment.

Back-winter. I will peepe foorth, thy kingdome to supplant:

Summers last will

My father I will quickly freeze to death,
And then sole Monarch will I sit and thinke,
How I may banish thee, as thou doost me.

Winter. I see my downefall written in his browes :

Conuay him hence, to his assigned hell.

Fathers are giuen to loue their sonnes too well.

Wil Summer. No by my troth, nor mothers neither, I am sure
I could neuer finde it. This *Back-winter* playes a rayling part to
no purpose, my small learning findes no reason for it, except as
a *Back-winter* or an after winter is more raging tempestuous,
and violent then the beginning of *Winter*, so he brings him in
stamping and raging as if he were madde, when his father is a
iolly milde quiet olde man, and stands still and does nothing.
The court accepts of your meaning; you might haue writ in
the margent of your play-booke, Let there be a fewe rushes
laide in the place where *Back-winter* shall tumble, for feare of
raying his cloathes: or set do vne, Enter *Back-winter*, with his
boy, bringing a brush after him, to take off the dust if need re-
quire. But you will ne're haue any ward-robe wit while you
liue. I pray you holde the booke well, we be not *nonplus* in the
latter end of the play.

Summer. This is the last stroke, my tounge clock must strike,
My last will, which I will that you performe:

My crowne I haue disposde already of.

Item, I giue my withered flowers, and herbes,
Vnto dead corfes, for to decke them with,

My shady walkes to great mens seruitors,
Whoin their masters shadowes walke secure,

My pleasant open ayre, and fragrant smells,
To Croyden and the grounds abutting round,

My heate and warmth to toyling labourers,

My long dayes to bondmen, and prisoners,

My short nights to young married soules,

My drought and thirst, to drunkards quenchlesse throates,

My fruites to *Autumne* my adopted heire,

My murmuring springs, musicians of sweete sleepe,

To murmuring male-contents, with their well tun'd cares,

Channceld

and Testament.

Channel'd in a sweete falling quaterzaine,
Do lull their eares asleepe, listning themselves.
And finally, O words, now cleanse your course,
Vnto *Eliza* that most sacred Dame,
Whom none but Saints and Angels ought to name;
All my faire dayes remaining, I bequeath
To waite vpon her till she be returnd.
Autumne, I charge thee, when that I am dead,
Be prest and seruiceable at her beck,
Present her with thy goodliest ripened fruites,
Vnclothe no Arbors where she euer sate,
Touch not a tree, thou thinkst she may passe by.
And Winter, with thy wrythen frostie face,
Smoothe vp thy visage when thou lookst on her,
Thou neuer lookst on such bright maiestie:
A charmed circle draw about her court,
Wherein warme dayes may daunce, & no cold come,
On seas let winds make warre, not vex her rest,
Quiet inclose her bed, thought flye her brest.
Ah gracious Queene, though Summer pine away,
Yet let thy flourishing stand at a stay,
First droupe this vniuersals aged frame,
E're any malady thy strength should tame:
Heauen raise vp pillars to vphold thy hand,
Peace may haue still histemple in thy land.
Loe, I haue said, this is the totall summe.
Autumne and Winter, on your faithfulnessse,
For the performance I do firmly builde.
Farewell, my friends, Summer bids you farewell,
Archers, and bowlers, all my followers,
Adieu, and dwell with desolation,
Silence must be your masters mansion:
Slow marching thus, discend I to the feends.
Weepe heauens, mourne earth, here Summer ends.

*Heere the Satyres and Wood-nymphes carry him
out, singing as he came in.*

Summers last will

The Song.

*Autumne bath all the Summers fruites full treasure,
Gone is our sport, fled is poore Croydens pleasure:
Short dayes, sharpe dayes, long nights come on a pace,
Ah who shall hide vs, from the Winters face?
Colde dooth increase, the sicknesse will not cease,
And here we lye God knowes, with little ease:*

From Winter, plague & pestilence, good Lord deliuer vs.

*London dooth mourne, Lambith is quite forlorne,
Trades cry, Woe worth, that euer they were borne:
The want of Terme, is to wne and Cities barme,
Close chambers we do want, to keepe vs warme,
Long banished must we lue from our friends:
This lowe built house, will bring vs to our ends.*

From w^{inter}, plague & pestilence, good Lord deliuer vs.

Wil Summer. How is't? how is't? you that be of the grauer
fort, do you thinke these youths worthy of a *Plaudite* for pray-
ing for the Queene, and singing of the Letany? they are poore
fello, yes I must needes say, and haue bestowed great labour in
fowing leaues, and grasse, and strawe, and mosse vpon cast
sutes. You may do well to warme your hands with clapping,
before you go to bed, and send them to the tauerne with merry
hearts. Here is a pretty boy comes with an Epilogue, to get
him audacity. I pray you sit still a little, and heare him say his
lesson without booke. It is a good boy, be not afraide, turne
thy face to my Lord. Thou and I will play at poutch, to mor-
row morning for a breakfast. Come and sit on my knee, and
Ile daunce thee, if thou canst not indure to stand.

The Epilogue.

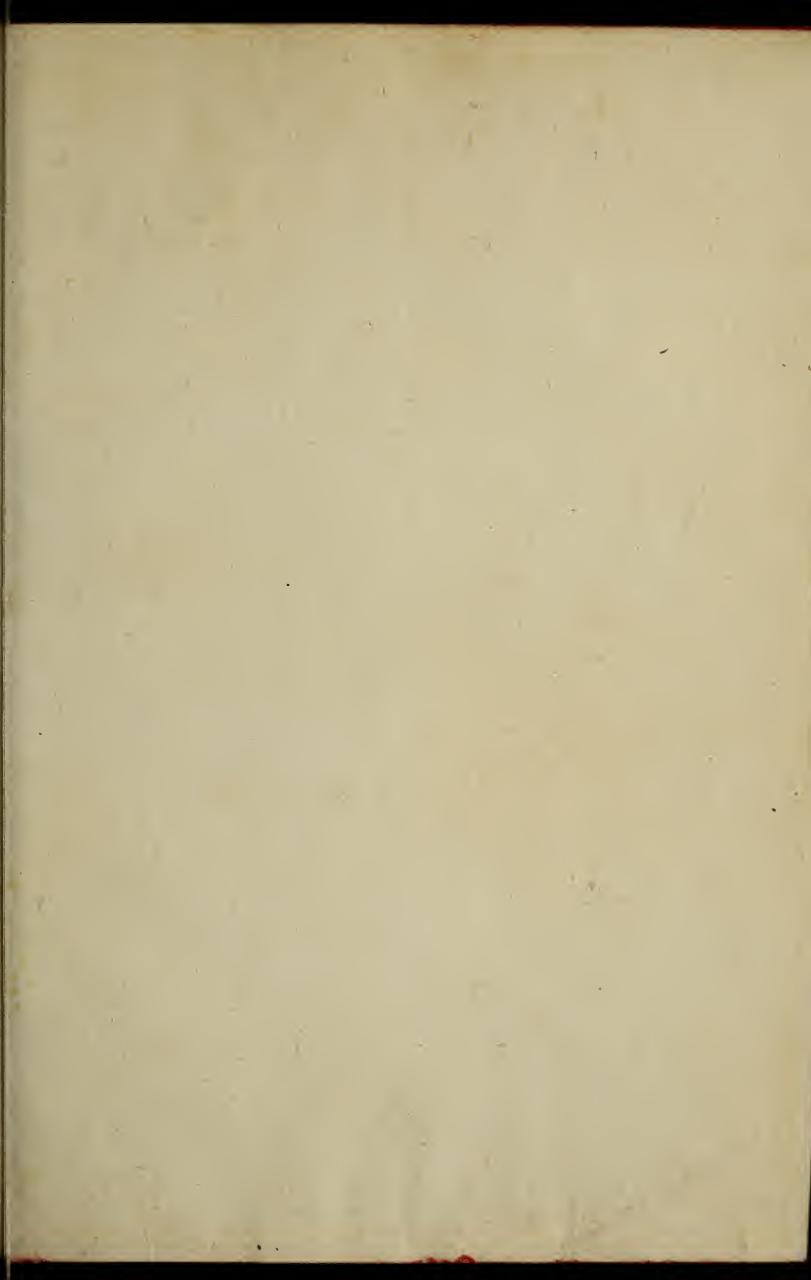
Visses a Dwarfie, and the prolocutor for the *Gracians*,
gaue me leaue that am a Pignee, to doe an Emballage
to you from the Cranes: Gentlemen (for Kings are no
better) certaine humble Animals, called our Aëtors,
commend them vnto you; who, what offence they haue com-
mitted, I know not (except it be in purloyning some houres out
of times treasury, that might haue beene better imployde; but
by me (the agent for their imperfections) they humbly craue
pardon, if happily some of their termes haue trodde awrye, or
their tongues stumbled vnwittingly on any mans content. In
much Corne is some Cockle; in a heape of coyne heere and
there a peece of Copper; wit hath his dregs as well as wine;
words their waste, Inke his blots, euery speech his Parenthesis,
Poetical fury, as well Crabbes as Sweetings for his Summer
fruites. *Nemo sapit omnibus horis*. Their folly is detected, their
feare is yet liuing. Nothing can kill an Asse but colde: colde
entertainment, discouraging scoffes, authorized disgraces,
may kill a whole litter of young Asses of them heere at once,
that haue traueled thus farre in impudence, onely in hope to sit
a sunning in your smiles. The Romanes dedicated a Temple
to the feuer quartane, thinking it some great God, because
it shooke them so; and another, to Ill fortune in *Exquillis*
a Mountaine in Roome, that it should not plague them at
Cardes and Dice. Your Graces frownes are to them shaking
feuers, your least disfauours, the greatest ill fortune that may
beide them. They can builde no Temples, but themselues
and their best indeuours, with all prostrate reuerence, they
here dedicate and offer vp, wholly to your service. *Sis bonus, O
felixque tuus*. To make the gods merry, the celestiaall clowne
Vulcan tun'de his polt foote, to the measures of *Apolloes*
Lute, and daunst a limping Gallyard in *Ioues* starrie hall.

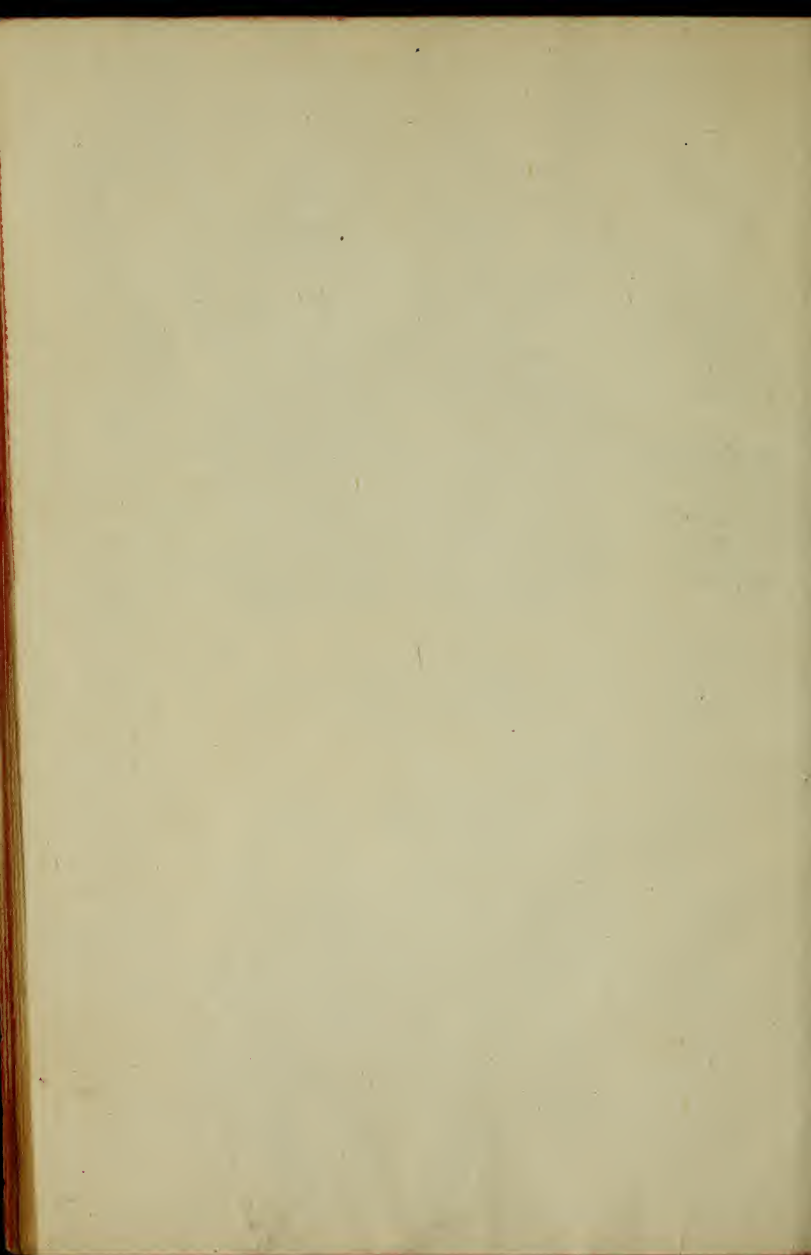
To make you merry that are the Gods of Art, and guides vn-
to heauen, a number of rude *Vulcans*, vnweldy speakers, ham-
mer-headed clownes (for so it pleaseth them in modestie to
name themselues) haue set their deformities to view, as it were
in a daunce here before you. Beare with their wants, lull me-
lancholie asleepe with their absurdities, and expect hereafter
better fruites of their industrie. Little creatures often terrifie
great beasts: the Elephant flyeth from a Ramme, the Lyon
from a Cock and from fire; the Crocodile from all Sea-fish,
the Whale from the noyse of parched bones; light toyes chase
great cares. The great foole *Toy* hath made the play: Good
night, Gentlemen; I go, let him be carryed away.

Will Summer. Is't true Iackanapes, doo you serue me so? As-
sure as this coate is too short for me, all the Points of your hoase
for this are condemnde to my pocker, if you and I e're play at
spanne Counter more. *Valete, Spectatores*, pay for this sport
with a *Plaudite*, and the next time the winde blowes from this
corner, we will make you ten times as merry.

*Barbarus hic ego sum, quia non
intelligor vllis.*

E I N I S.





6/26/



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